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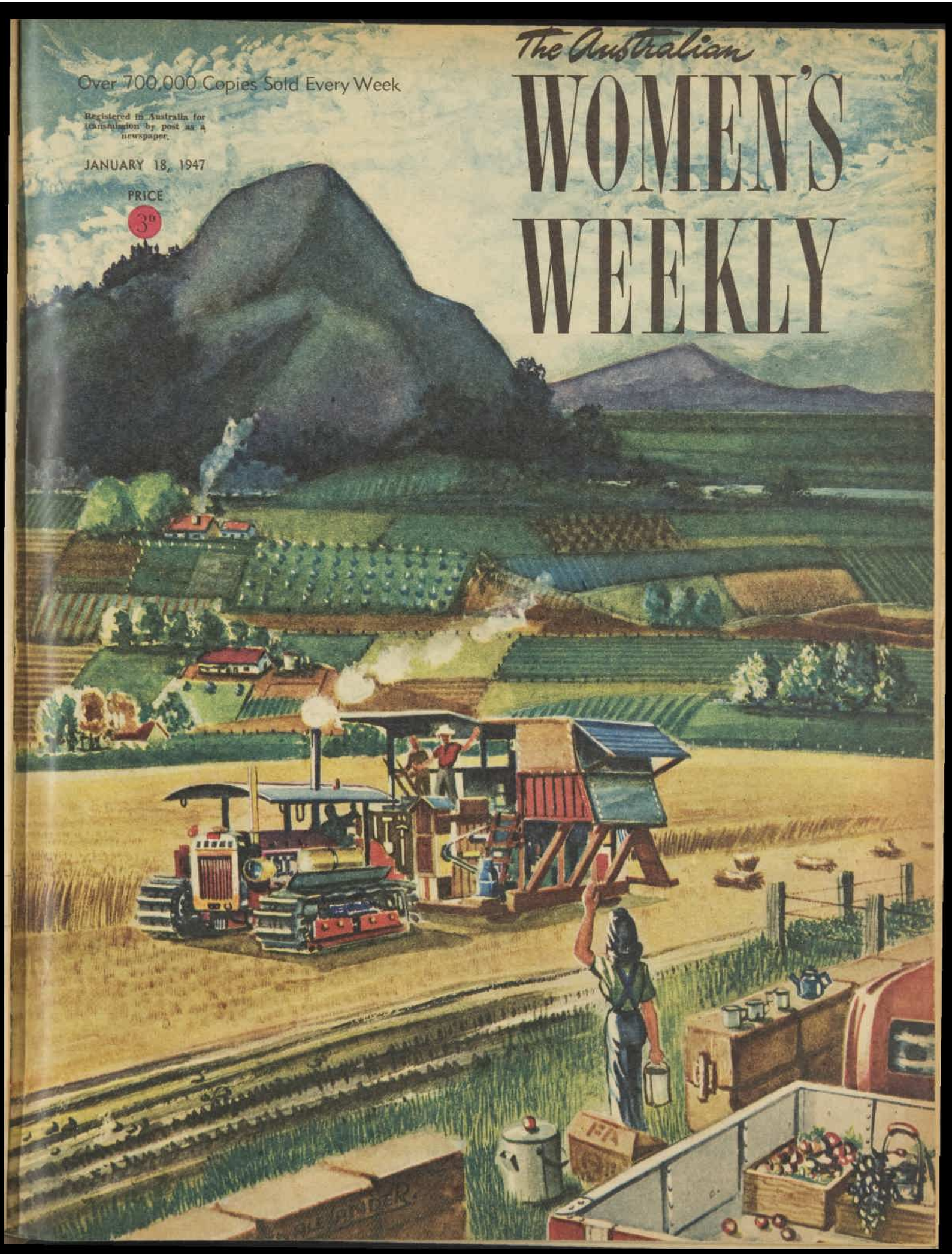
JANUARY 18, 1947

PRICE 3d

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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Molly was a Doctor

By . . .
ROSE HEYLBUT

PUTTING down the stack of newspapers, without letting them crackle, Dr. Mary Flint the younger tiptoed over to the bed where Dr. Mary Flint the elder lay, her right leg expertly splinted and bandaged.

Aunt Mary opened her eyes.

"Hello, there," she boomed cheerily.

"Well? And how do you feel?" asked Molly.

"Rotten," Aunt Mary replied with heartiness. "However, you did a good, craftsmanlike job on me, and that's a comfort. Ouch!"

"You poor darling! Let me give you a couple of tablets and . . ."

"Don't 'poor darling' me and don't dose me. If I couldn't stand having a leg set, after 30 years of medical practice, who could? When you've been practising as long as I have . . . Now what are you looking at me like that for?"

"Because," said Molly with an unprofessional catch in her voice, "I feel so sorry. If I hadn't given that wretched party you wouldn't have got hurt."

"That's a stupid diagnosis," said Aunt Mary. "The party as such didn't do it. It was a good party. I simply had no business stepping backwards on a bottle that rolled. Lucky it was a ginger-ale bottle. At least it'll look respectable in print—if it is in print?"

"Wait till you see the headlines! Three of them have our picture, three call you a benefactor of humanity, and they all give the history of the Flint Stain."

"Is—the lecture tour mentioned?"

"Well, yes . . ." Molly said sadly.

Aunt Mary sank back into the pillows and looked as if she were going to cry.

Molly struggled not to show sympathy. To-night Aunt Mary was to have started on the tour that meant the fulfilment of her life, and here she was, laid low because Tubby Carr, of the surgery staff, had been careless with a giner-ale bottle in his zeal to sing ballads.

For 30 years Aunt Mary had been experimenting on her Stain Theory, after hours, between household responsibilities, through seeing young Molly through to her degree—and now, when she'd proved herself, when the medical world was accepting the Flint Stain as a means of pre-diagnosing measles, when she was within a day of beginning her lectures at 18 leading medical centres, she'd broken her leg at the farewell party.

Suddenly Aunt Mary caught her breath.

"Molly," she ejaculated, "why can't you make the tour for me?"

"What?" said Molly.

"I'd make 'em let you off at the hospital. The lectures are typed, and you know about the Stain. Why, they wouldn't even have to change the name on the guest cards. It's just a question of which Mary Flint the audience'll have to look at, and they'll have a better time looking at you. That is, of course, if you want to go."

"Oh . . ." began Molly.

"'Oh' is no answer. Unless it means you don't want to."

In strict truth there was nothing Molly wanted less than to leave her work at the hospital just now when the bandages were about to be removed from the patient in 7F. But she couldn't let Aunt Mary down.

"It doesn't mean that at all," she said with mendacious zeal. "I was only thinking . . . wouldn't you rather do those lectures yourself? Later on?"

"Of course I would! But it'll take weeks before I can, and it's more important for the dates to be kept and the facts made known. If a million youngsters can be saved from measles complications it won't much matter who tells how." And a tear rolled unaccustomedly down each of Aunt Mary's leathery cheeks.

"That settles it," Molly said. "I'm wild to go!"

Speeding along to the first lecture town Molly told herself to concentrate on Aunt Mary, those millions of measleless children, and the moral value of doing good deeds. But the fringe of her consciousness kept pulsing with recollections of—well really, it was nothing—something that hadn't yet got to mean much and would now never get the chance to mean anything.

Before this tour Molly Flint had been just a bright girl with a new medical degree and a normal ambition to occupy a niche, but not a life term, in science.

Molly really hoped to fall in love with an altogether sympathetic young man who would also fall in love with her. Her fellow students hadn't helped much, but the occupant of 7F had given food for thought. Two weeks ago a long mass of bandages had been carried into 7F and the card on the door had been marked A. GUNN.

Then the word went round that the "A" stood for Archibald—Archie Gunn, the war correspondent who had gone through seven fronts without a scratch and had just crashed in a passenger plane.

Gunn was a celebrity and, as the newest staff member, Molly at first didn't get near enough to his room to smell the flowers that were set outside. Then she was sent to make a blood count.

The bandages turned as she entered, but she couldn't tell whether they were turning toward her or away from her.

"Go on, get out," growled Gunn, through his bandages. "Didn't I tell you to stay away?"

"All right," said Molly, getting ready needle and tubes. Then she took a firm hold on Gunn's unbandaged hand and punctured the middle finger.

"What the dickens . . .!" he cried.

"That's all," said Molly. "Just hold your hand still."

"You're not the nurse I bounced out. You don't sound like her."

Tube in mouth, Molly gave no answer.

"What's the matter — can't you talk?"

"Not till I've drawn the blood," said Molly, closing the first pipette and taking up the second. "When that's done we can have a lovely conversation."

AS she closed the last pipette Molly said: "Now, then, what shall we talk about?"

"Anything. I like your voice. I bet you've got big blue eyes and blond hair and . . ."

"Where do you think you are? This is a serious place, full of serious women. Now I've got to take your blood upstairs."

"Send the nurse with it. You stay here and talk to me."

"I can't do that," said Molly. "It's against the rules."

"Oh, so you're that sort. You're the first female to come in here that doesn't sound like hardware, and when I ask you a simple favor, like just talking, you quote the rules!"

"I'm terribly sorry . . ." began Molly earnestly.

"The heck you are! You're just one of those female scientists with a scalpel for a heart. Go on, scram—get back to your rules!"

Molly took more time than was necessary to close her case and step to the door.

"Are you still there?" called the voice from the bed.

"Yes, but I'm going . . ." And she stopped still.

"Well, before you go, what's your name?"

"Mary Flint."

"Miss Mary Flint?"

"Er . . . Dr. Mary Flint."

"Oh, gosh, I might have known. Well, good-bye, Doctor—and don't come back."

Quite unceremoniously the strange young man bent and kissed her.

"I couldn't," said Molly, "unless they sent me."

She did go then, but all day she kept thinking of the great white swathing that was Archie Gunn. And that night she rummaged through old papers to read some of his articles.

The next day the chief pathologist came to her grinning.

"What did you do to that Gunn chap yesterday?"

"Do to him? I made a blood count . . ."

"Well, if that's all, the man's a fool. He's asked me to send you to 7F to—to read the paper to him!"

"Oh," said Molly, with a small inward bounce.

"And," the chief went on, "the request's specific you are to read the paper, but not to offer any comments of your own. Shall I tell him not to be ridiculous—or do you suppose you could humor him?"

"I'll humor him," said Molly.

For the next ten days, when her work was done, Molly spent unnecessary moments before the mirror, and went down to 7F. Each day Gunn said, "Oh, so they've sent you, have they?" Each day Molly read to him. And that was all. Some day he'd have to speak, and maybe tomorrow would be it . . .

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Lorna stood transfixed, staring as though hypnotised at the white carnations.

FLOWERS FROM A STRANGER

By Dorothee Carousso

WHEN LORNA BAYLOR, attractive wife of young DR. TIM BAYLOR, first meets her husband's eminent colleague, psychiatrist DR. PAUL NESTRI, she is dismayed to feel toward him a wave of fear and suspicion.

The occasion is a party given by their friends DR. LESLIE and TESS CAMERON. Later, playing the piano, Lorna finds herself rendering a completely strange work, and has a peculiar vision in which her father tells her that Nestri means to kill her.

In the days that follow, Lorna fights vainly to overcome her feeling toward Nestri, ashamed to tell even Tim of her strange experience. As a final effort she entertains Nestri at an afternoon tea party, but when he says good-bye she ignores his outstretched hand, feeling suddenly unable to touch it.

Now read on:—

TIM helped the guests out to their cars with umbrellas. He stood out at the cars talking to them for several minutes, cooling his fury in the rain-swept air before he went in to face Lorna.

At the entrance to the living-room, he started to speak to her. "Lorna, what, in heaven's name, made you do . . ." he stopped.

Lorna was not in the room. He turned to search for her, when suddenly his eye caught sight of a fold of material down beneath the piano. She was lying in a crumpled heap, and the fall had opened a long gash across her forehead at the hairline.

For one terrible moment as he bent over her he thought she was dead. Then he felt a faint pulse. She did not seem to be breathing, but her pulse was slow and faint against his unerring fingers.

"Margaret!" he called. "Margaret!"

The maid came running from the kitchen. When she saw Lorna she gave a shriek of fright.

"She's just fainted!" Tim snapped. "Ring up Dr. Cameron and keep ringing him. He may not be home yet."

For a second the woman stood paralysed, watching Tim examining Lorna's head, then she turned and ran to the telephone. Tim picked Lorna up in his arms and carried her upstairs to bed. In a few minutes Margaret came in with hot water and bandages and helped him.

"I heard her fall, Doctor. I didn't know what it was. I heard someone cry out and then something fell. I thought one of the little tables had gone over. And, besides, I thought you were there, Doctor."

"I was outside," he said. "Did you hear what she said when she cried out?"

"She didn't say anything. It was just a cry. Poor thing! I never saw anyone so white."

When Leslie Cameron came in he found Tim pale and worried.

"I can't rouse her, Leslie," he said. "I'm afraid it's a coma."

Leslie examined her carefully before turning to Tim.

"Concussion, all right," he said. "And a bad laceration. Margaret says she fainted."

"While I was standing outside talking with you people. I can't understand it. Lorna has never fainted before."

"Well, obviously she was overcome by something."

They worked a long time before Lorna opened her eyes. She looked at them dully, as though she did not recognise them, put her hand up and touched her bandaged head.

"My head hurts," she complained.

"It should!" Tim laughed with relief. "You gave it an awful crack! Do you remember?"

She stared ahead of her without any change of expression. They could not tell whether she had heard. After a moment she closed her eyes again and the tears rolled across her temples and were lost in her hair.

"Yes, I remember," she whispered. "I knew . . . I knew! There was no mistake! I wanted to be wrong. I tried to think it was silly. But I knew . . ."

Tim leaned over and wiped her tears away.

"What did you know, darling?"

She opened her eyes wide as though she had recognised his voice for the first time. They were dark with fear.

"Lorna, what is it?" he asked anxiously.

"It's nothing, it's nothing!" she said. "It's nothing, Tim, really! I must have been dreaming. I fell, didn't I? Yes, I fainted. I remember now. I was standing by the fire, and it was so very hot . . ."

Tim stood up and looked across at Leslie Cameron. Leslie lowered his eyes. He put his hand on Lorna's shoulder and said fondly, "Steady, Lorna. Whatever it is, it can wait. You'll be on your feet in a week if you're a good patient."

. . . . . .

It was in fact nearly three weeks before Lorna was on her feet again. In those three weeks the last of the spring rains were gone and early summer had come.

At Tim's insistence, Lorna spent most of her day out in the garden, comfortably settled on a garden chair with books and magazines. Tim was very sweet. He plied her with flowers and fruit and some of the delightful porcelain figurines she collected. He was home for dinner every night, even when he had to go back to work for the evening.

Occasionally, when work permitted, he drove down from the hospital to have lunch at home in the garden.

"Why didn't I know about this before?" he asked Lorna once, leaning back and blowing cigarette smoke towards the treetops. "It's like a slice of holiday."

"Holiday . . ." Lorna lifted her head and studied him closely. "Are you taking a holiday this year, Tim?"

"Unfortunately, I don't think I can get away much before October. I know that's late, but I'm tied up in this business now with Dr. Nestri. If it is October, where would you like to go?"

"Oh—I haven't thought. . . . Does Dr. Nestri expect to be here until October?"

"He's very vague on the subject. How about going to the sea this year?"

Lorna did not answer for several minutes. At last she said, "Tim . . . you couldn't possibly take a holiday now, could you?"

"It's out of the question, darling." He shook his head. After a pause, he added, "But there's no reason why you couldn't go away somewhere if you feel strong enough."

"No . . . I don't want to go away alone. I . . . really don't feel up to it."

Please turn to page 20

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MURDER IN OLD MANHATTAN

Shrewd deduction was the only stock-in-trade for detectives of bygone days

By FRANK BONHAM

LIGHT rain was falling, so Tom Church kept his shawl wrapped about the lower part of his face as the wind drove the fine drops against his skin. There was no pavement to the street, and he and his companion kept their eyes out for the deeper puddles among the cobbles.

Finally they stopped outside a two-story building.

"It's No. 25," Church said. "That's it."

There was no crowd. Death was no novelty in the Sixth Ward, even violent death. The landlady, a Mrs. Garrity, took them to a room down a musty dark hall. With a resentful eye on them she turned the key in the lock.

"Have you taken anything out of the room since you found her?" asked Detective-Sergeant Church.

Mrs. Garrity sniffed. "I ain't been past the door," she declared. "That is, only when I went in to see why she hadn't been out to-day. Nor will I, while she's in there!"

Dr. Lucas, the district surgeon, went in as emotionlessly as though it were a patient he was going to see. But Church entered with sombre eyes. Say what you would, Death left a bit of himself in a room when he passed through.

The girl on the bed had been about twenty-five. She might have been pretty; the hair on the pillow was a rich brown. But it was hard to tell now.

Dr. Lucas had to cut the cord about her throat to loosen it. He had a way of muttering aloud everything he discovered: "Cyanosis, marked. Dead several hours. Scratches on face——"

Church stood by the bed staring down at the girl. He was a large man, growing slightly grey on the temples and more than a bit stout. His eyes, for all the grief they had witnessed, were still cheerful, and usually twinkled, though at the moment they were hooded.

Detective-Sergeant Church had developed leg-muscles and self-confidence in the Fourth Ward, in the days when a patrolman hadn't even a uniform, only a badge and a club and a prayer; and now he was back again in civilian clothes as a detective. For this work he received a small increase in salary.

Under a table at the head of the bed he found a pair of scissors. There was blood on one blade, though the only marks on Jenny's body were the shallow scratches on her face. Near the bed he discovered a little rubble of cigar ash. It was scattered, as if the smoker had let the cigar drop there.

"Somebody," he grunted, "knows where the good cigars are. That ash is as white as bone." He hadn't seen an ash like that for six months. Crop failures in the South, and a shortage of Havanas, had brought cigar-smokers to dark days.

He asked the landlady when she had seen the girl last.

"Two or three days ago," Mrs. Garrity told him. "But I heard her going in and out every day. And I'd hear her and her friends in here at night, laughing and carrying on like fools."

"Gentlemen?"

Mrs. Garrity crossed her skinny arms.

"Well, detective, she worked in a millinery shop. Girls that work in millinery shops don't live in up-to-date rooms like this one. I dare say some gentleman knows who paid the rent."

She was probably telling the truth, Church knew. Even a dingy, airless room in Ludlow Street was above most shopgirls.

"Do you know any of her friends by name?" he asked.

"No, sir. She had only one or two lately. Except there was a new one came this morning. A ship's captain. Asking for Missus Thomas! He went in, but he didn't stay above two minutes."

"Did she have any visitors last night?"

"Well, yes—I heard a doctor leave her room just after the eleven o'clock watch. 'That will fix you up, young woman,' he said. 'But don't be drinking swan gin on an empty stomach any more!'"

Church began to inventory the dead girl's possessions. When he glanced over the list, one thing surprised him. Poor Jenny Thomas may have been, but she had possessed luxuries far above the Sixth Ward.

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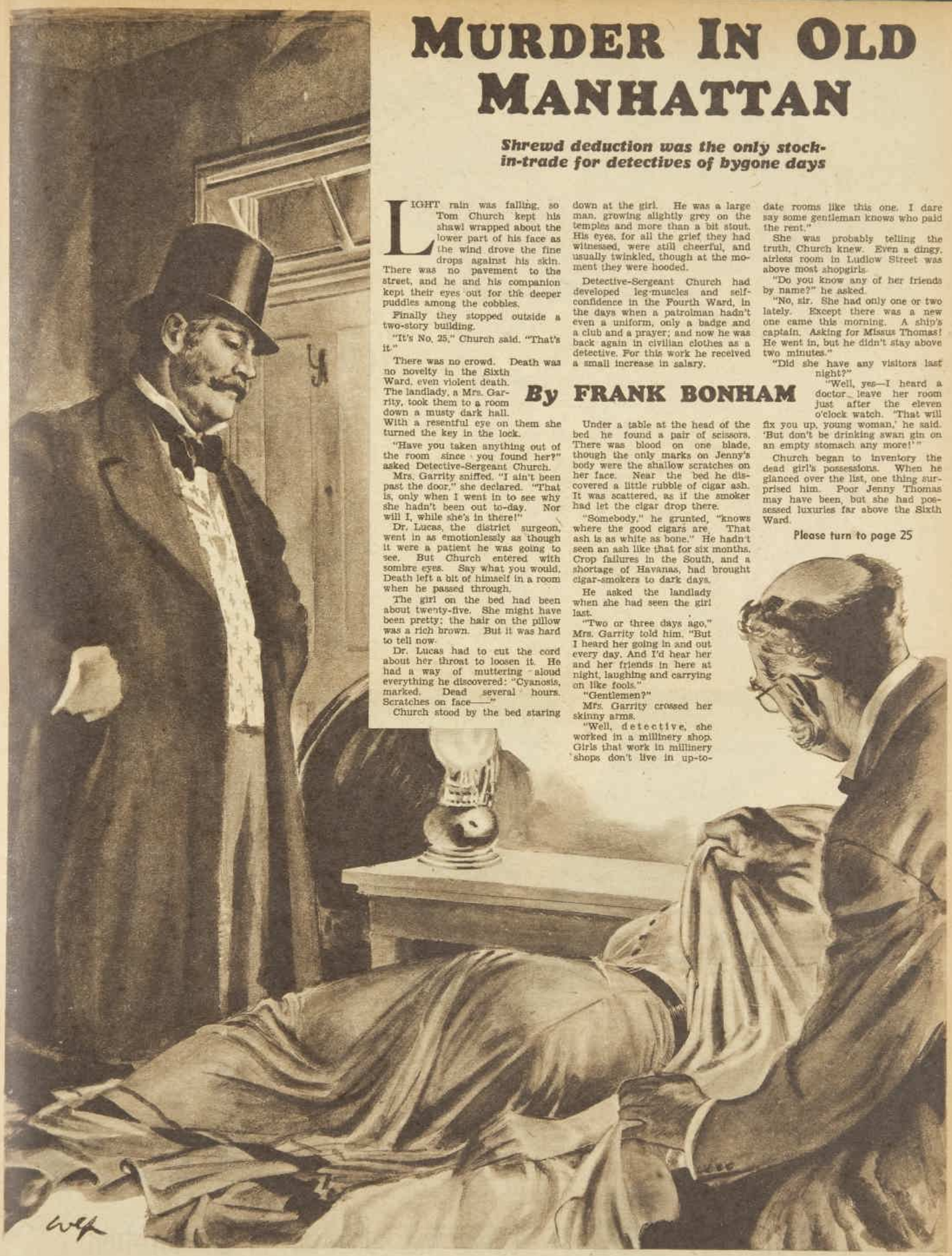

The detective stood staring down at the girl, his eyes hooded.

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I AIM TO PLEASE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

John held her close. "I just want to be sure you're here," he said. "It still seems like a dream."

BARNEY dropped a long green box on his wife's lap and a long kiss on her lips. She opened the box and exclaimed, "Roses! How lovely!"

"Our third anniversary," he said. "You've got a husband who never forgets."

"Three months. You've started something, mister."

She got up to fix the roses, but didn't get anywhere. His arms reached out and went round her. "What have I done," he inquired, "to deserve such a wonderful wife!"

It was like that all the time. Nothing humdrum and formal like the little card over the mailbox in the downstairs lobby which said, "Mr. and Mrs. Barney Allen."

She hadn't dreamed that marriage could be like this. She hadn't suspected that it could go on and on (three months already!) with romance still the keynote. Married friends had warned her that she would soon start taking it all for granted. But, thank goodness, it wasn't happening that way, and Kay was beginning to believe that it never would.

She put the roses in water, and then made an elaborate ceremony of bringing him his dressing-gown and slippers; not that he wanted either, but because she said it was good practice for his old age, and they'd better start now. After dinner he asked her what she'd like to do: "The pictures, dancing, chess? Or would you prefer just to sit on my lap?"

She expressed a preference for the last. But, instead of doing it, she seated herself opposite him and handed him a telegram. He read it twice. Thoughtfully.

"Poor kid," he said quietly. "This isn't too good for you."

She agreed that it wasn't. She had been worried ever since the wire arrived that afternoon.

It was from Petty-Officer John Harris, saying that his ship was due in and would be staying three days.

"Full of fresh proposals," the wire concluded, "and optimism. Why not make up your mind now to say yes?"

Barney said, "You never wrote and told him you were married?"

"No. He went through such a gruelling time in the war. It's just about wrecked his nerves, and—well, I've been hoping he'd fall in love with someone else and settle it that way."

Barney said, "Were you in love with John?"

"No! Never. He fell in love with me. There was nothing I could do about it except to be honest. I didn't lead him on. I didn't even suggest that I might come around to his way of thinking. He understood. He said all he was asking was the privilege of making love. He said he'd break me down sooner or later. But it couldn't have happened. Ever. I was waiting for you."

"You didn't even know me then."

"I was waiting for you, just the same."

Barney looked at the telegram again. "He doesn't know you're married. He's still terribly in love with you. And he's on the verge of a nerve crack-up."

She said, "I hate having to tell him, but there's no help for it."

Barney said, "Suppose he doesn't find out."

Kay looked at her husband.

"It isn't as though he'd had a soft job," Barney went on. "It was one of the worst in the war. I don't wonder it's wrecked his nerves."

She waited.

"Thinking he's still got a chance might help him along, just until he can get a grip on himself and start getting properly readjusted." He paused, then added: "There was little enough I could contribute to the war effort, anyway."

She said, "Don't start that again. If the Government hadn't thought you were more valuable as a research chemist——"

"I still would have preferred active service. I like to do what I can for the chaps who went through it. So what do you say?"

KAY knew what he meant. "I'm to become single again while he's here. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Is it fair?"

"Would you ever have married him?"

"No."

"If you'd still been single—under these circumstances—would you have been sweet to him during his leave?"

"Of course." The idea was outlandish, but it had its points.

"And he'd have gone on his way happy. So what's different?"

She felt something choking her. She said, "You're the finest man I've ever known, Barney."

He flushed and said, "I aim to please. Now, suppose we start working it all out."

Kay said, "Did you notice how the telegram was sent? It was addressed to me as 'Miss.' At my old flat. Alice sent it over."

"Do you think Alice would move out for three days?"

"She'd think it was marvellous."

"Be sure," he said dryly, "to explain that I'm in on it. Even Alice might have ideas, otherwise . . ."

It was odd getting ready for John. Kay wondered if he could possibly still be the same irrepressible kid. His wire sounded like it, and certainly when she met him he grinned at her broadly, like a boy just out of school.

They said the usual things in the usual way. She helped him locate a hotel room, and it was only when they faced each other across the dinner table that she noticed any change in him.

There were lines at the corners of his eyes which hadn't been there before, a tightness about his lips, a nervous tautness in his movements.

After dinner that night, they sat for a while out in the hotel conservatory, and he held her close. "I just want to be sure you're here," he murmured. "It still seems like a dream."

Later, dancing, he said, "I'm still on the market. I'm a bargain. What do you say?"

"Is this another proposal?"

"Same old one. I've been hoping absence might have made the heart do stunts."

He grinned when he said it, but there was something in his eyes that hurt her. She said, "I'm afraid it'll never be that way, John."

"You haven't said, 'Positively.'"

"Shall I?"

"Go ahead—" He broke off sharply. "No. Don't. I'd rather think the other way."

They had a gay time all through the two remaining days. She kept in touch with Barney by telephone. Barney listened to whatever she told him, but didn't ask questions. She said, "It's a wonderful thing you're doing, dear. I keep wondering if it's right."

"Don't tell him," he advised soberly. "Time enough when he's got more of a grip on things."

The last few hours of the last night were very difficult. Then, at last, it was over. They walked home. He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes.

"Same old Kay," he said. "Than which there's no whicher."

"You've had a good time?"

"I've had perfection. I've got a beautiful memory to take away with me. That's what you wanted me to have, isn't it?"

"Yes."

He kissed her. Then he kissed her again. "The second was to prove that the first was true," he explained.

He looked taller and older. But he was still smiling. "You forgot one thing, Kay," he said quietly. "You forgot that even in a city as large as this we have a few mutual friends."

She waited, saying nothing.

He said, "Thank your husband for me, will you? He must be a splendid chap."

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PARTNER on expeditions, young Australian poet Roland Robinson met Worrell in N.T. Robinson studies aboriginal legends and paintings.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this interview took place in Joan Powe's office when Eric Worrell came in with his 12ft. python. Joan Powe seemed quite at home with the intruder, but rest of staff panicked.

He brought his python when he came to see us

Reptile hunter back from Northern Territory with grisly collection for zoos

By staff reporter JOAN POWE

Whenever the familiar telegram arrives, "On my way down. Home for dinner, Eric," the Worrell family, of Lilyfield, N.S.W., knows to prepare for the unexpected.

Last time it was a kitbag full of brown snakes and goannas, a bathtub of 12-inch baby crocodiles, and a nine-pound tortoise in the back garden. Next time, they fear, it will be a consignment of death adders.

For son Eric, now 22, has carved out an unusual profession for himself — that of reptile hunting round the Northern Territory to supply zoos and private collections.

"EVER since he was a little boy, and wanted a snake for his seventh birthday, Eric's always been crazy about animals and reptiles," plump, motherly Mrs. Worrell told me.

"He used to have a pet water dragon which he took walking in the park, and recruited all the boys in the district to catch lizard feed, which he bought from them for his pets."

During Eric's schooldays the Worrell backyard was even more of a menagerie, for young Eric was veterinary-surgeon to all the pets in the neighborhood.

After finding a sugarbag under his bed, containing green and brown snakes, Mr. Worrell, sen., who is a nightwatchman, forbade Eric to bring snakes home again.

But it did no good, and for the past ten years the Worrell lounge-room has contained a large glass breeding-case where the younger snakes and lizards are kept.

The mantelpiece is also lined with photos of Eric and his sister Joyce, now 19, taken with snakes, goannas, and other pets.

"Joyce and I are quite used to snakes now, but last year when Eric was home I found him trying to take a photograph of Joyce with a young python round her neck," Mrs. Worrell said.

"It had curled round so tightly that the poor girl was almost choking, so I've put my foot down on any more stunts like that."

With supreme unconcern Mrs. Worrell lifted out the water snake and a couple of baby crocodiles from the family bathtub to show us in Eric's absence.

"The crocodiles give you a nasty nip if you don't hold them the right way, but they're dear little fellows, really," she said.

Until he has delivered his haul of snakes, crocodiles, and tortoises to various zoos Eric's collection is lodged in the family home, and the food problem is quite a difficulty.

He goes off into the country to catch fish and insects for the lizards and water snakes, but the nine-pound tortoise leaves a hole in the family's meat ration, as it eats half a pound of chopped steak a day.

And the 12-foot python, which he brought home on his last trip, has been known to consume six smallish roosters at one sitting.

"Although Joyce and I are used to snakes we never dare to go round opening any bags or boxes we find on one of Eric's trips home," Mrs. Worrell said.

"Once I opened the collar-box on his dressing-table and a couple of small snakes jumped out.

"He carries them in his pockets, down his shirt, or tied up in a handkerchief, and it's nothing to find a small snake in his shirt on washing day," she said.

I asked Mrs. Worrell whether the family ever worried about Eric's safety when he was travelling round the Northern Territory chasing crocodiles and snakes.

"So long as we get a letter from him once a week we don't worry very much," she said. "We know he can look after himself."

I arranged with Mrs. Worrell for Eric to come in to the office for an interview next day.

Crocodile eggs

WHEN they go on walkabouts with the blacks, Worrell and Robinson live on native food, but crocodile eggs, which are found on the river banks up to 18 in a nest, are their favorite dish.

"We have tortoise and crocodile eggs scrambled, fried, or in omelets, and, believe me, crocodile omelet is far better than the ordinary variety," Roland Robinson said.

At the appointed time a young man in an open-necked shirt arrived, carrying a suspiciously-heavy cardboard box.

The box contained the 12-foot python which he was delivering to the Zoo.

"It's quite harmless," Eric assured the horrified staff, as the snake slithered over desks and twined lovingly round the telephone.

Quiet spoken, sunburnt, and the last person you would expect to suddenly produce pocketfuls of snakes, Eric Worrell regards his work merely as another job.

"I'm no fonder of snakes than any other animals, and if you asked me to choose between the python and my red setter dog, I guess the python would have to go," he said.

"Most snakes are far more timid and shy than humans, and I often wish they were a little more aggressive, so I could catch them more easily."

For the past two years Eric has been hunting in the Northern Territory in partnership with Roland Robinson, a young Australian poet who has been up there studying aboriginal legends.

They go on walkabouts with the blacks, and Robinson helps him catch reptiles in return for assistance in ferreting out legends and aboriginal paintings.

Originally the plan was to buy a small lugger, but the two now operate with an old sports car.

The pair hunt young crocodiles at night in a native dugout canoe, armed with a strong torch which attracts the crocodiles to the surface of the river.

"You see an eye above the water, shine the light, grab the crocodile by the neck and put it in the bag," was how Eric summed-up the process of crocodile hunting.

Only once in Eric's recollection had the canoe turned over in a crocodile-infested river, and that was on the Waterhouse River, near the Roper.

Not until they reached the shore did the pair discover a 13-foot, man-eating crocodile close behind them.

"Crocodiles which breed inland, known as Johnson's crocodiles, are quite harmless," he said. "It is only the salt-water crocodiles you find in rivers which are man-eating."

Goannas are caught by digging them from burrows, and the frilled-necked lizards, which live about 30 feet up hardwood or ironbark trees, are caught by climbing up and pulling them down by the tail.

Classifying snakes

ALL Australian lizards are harmless, but with snakes it is a different proposition.

"We catch them with a torch at night in open clearings in the bush, and we've both been bitten several times," Eric said. "With the ordinary precautions, however, snakebite should never prove fatal."

Worrell is completing a classification of Northern Australian snakes for the Australian Museum in Sydney, and considers they should be protected like other Australian fauna.

"They do not make good pets, like cats and dogs, because they are incapable of affection, but suffer a lot of similar ailments to humans," he said.

Unless looked after, snakes can get trench mouth, gastritis from bad food, and pneumonia from insufficient warmth.

Large tiger snakes are the most deadly in Australia, far more so than death adders, and a bite can be fatal in a quarter of an hour.

Robinson, who is in his early thirties, prefers aboriginal society to ours, and believes they have natural and fundamental values which white men have got away from.

Before becoming interested in the Northern Territory and poetry (he is editor of the Jindyworobak poetry series), Robinson was a roustabout on a station, an artists' model, and had minor dancing roles in the Kirsova Ballet.

Although specialising in reptile hunting, the pair also catch animals and birds to fill special orders.

Their next consignment, from all accounts, looks like a bag of death adders—an order from an interstate zoo.

KID SISTER Joyce, 19, is used to brother's lizards and other strange pets. But family has drawn the line at Eric draping any more snakes round her neck.

FAMILY BATHTUB provided a temporary home for baby crocs and water snake shown here by Mrs. Worrell. They have now been delivered to Zoo.

N.S.W.

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Editorial

JANUARY 18, 1947

FAREWELL TO THE DUKE

THIS week the Duke of Gloucester leaves Australia, where for two years he has represented his brother, the King, as Governor-General of the Commonwealth.

Australia farewells him with regret and gratitude.

The Duke and Duchess have worked hard in Australia. They have answered every call made on them and have fulfilled every engagement in many long, exhausting itineraries.

People who thought that Royalty or Vice-Royalty enjoyed a life of freedom and leisure must have realised their error if they took note of these strenuous tours.

Using planes for quick travel, both the Duke and the Duchess have attended functions hundreds of miles apart on succeeding days, and sometimes even on the same day.

They have met the stockmen of the Northern Territory, Queensland drovers, Tasmanian apple-growers, Western Australian timber-getters, miners, farmers, and graziers, as well as the people of the big cities.

In fact, they have visited more of Australia in two years than most Australians have seen in their whole lives, and when they return to England they will be able to tell more about this country than many of its people know.

Like the Royal Family in England, the Duke and Duchess, with their two delightful young sons, are an ideal household to be at the head of a society based on the family unit.

Australians have been happy to have them and hope that they too have been happy during their two years of southern sunshine.

The Battle of the Bulges

Longer waistline may mean shorter lifeline

By noted American doctor W. W. BAUER

Don't let your waistline be too big, for it has a definite relation to your lifeline — and by lengthening one you will almost certainly shorten the other.

You can reduce, and it is mainly a matter of won't power.

THERE are only two satisfactory reducing exercises. Used together they can't fail. Here they are: While still hungry place your palms against the edge of the dining-table and push yourself steadily away. When offered a second helping, move the head vigorously from side to side. Repeat as required.

If you eat one large pat of butter more than you really need daily for 43 days, the butterfat will supply you with one extra pound of personal fat.

If you are determined to exercise enough to burn up this extra pound, here are some exercises you would have to do:

The most strenuous mental work you could possibly perform would have to be continued without resting for 2160 hours to work off one pound of fat, which is equal to about a pound and a quarter of body weight.

A carpenter could make little faster progress by working four seven-and-a-half-hour days to compensate for an extra pound of body fat. Twenty-two hours of laundress work, playing billiards for 32 hours, or dancing for 20 hours would do it.

If you are musically inclined, you can play the piano at a Mendelssohn sonata pace for 77 hours, or a Liszt tarantella for 30 hours.

Any of these exercises will work off one pound of body fat. What they will do to your appetite had better not be mentioned here.

Discouraging, isn't it! How much good then do you think you can get out of the ordinary gymnasium workout? Oh, but you say that you definitely lose weight every time you take such a workout. Of course you do, you sweat out water. Then you grow thirsty, take a drink, and there you are, round and round. Not to say rotund!

It is easy to get overweight. It is a long, hard struggle to lose it. First you must know the cause of overweight. No use starving if you need medical treatment.

Strange as it may seem, you may actually have the foods you really like on a reducing diet, if you will simply learn how. The intake of energy foods is estimated in heat units known as calories.

On 2000 calories a day most people will stay at the same weight. A reducing diet is usually round 1500 calories daily.

There is nothing mysterious about the reducing process.

In the absence of organic disease it comes down to establishing a balance between income and outgo which will cause a slow but steady loss of weight until your best weight is reached.

All reducing must be done gradually. Spectacular starvation which takes off seven or eight pounds a week is foolish and possibly disastrous. It is weakening and upsetting. Worse, it leaves wrinkles! The limit of safe and sane reducing is two pounds a week.

This should be preceded by a medical examination and should be carried out under close medical supervision both of the person and the diet.

All foods are fattening in so far as they provide material of nutritive value. They differ largely in their bulk. A large pat of butter will furnish as much food value as three and a half cups of chopped cabbage. It is quite easy to eat too many pats of butter, but try and overeat cabbage.

Yes, and eight medium olives equal one and two-third cups of carrots, four dates equal four medium onions.

This comparison of the energy value of foods contains the secret of a satisfactory reducing diet which will not leave the individual hungry.

A good reducing diet must also supply the building blocks, the protein foods, which restore the damage

ENJOY your food but keep the dietary balance if you want to avoid getting overweight.

to tissue—which is always going on as a part of the life process.

The diet must also supply the vitamins, never more important than during reducing. It is the unwise disturbance of dietary balance which make so many reducing diets hazardous.

One Hollywood star announced her reducing diet as orange juice for breakfast, orange juice for lunch, and anything she wanted for dinner. This meant she worked all day with an inadequate supply of energy-generating foodstuffs.

A diet should be something like this:

One may have for breakfast a selection of fruit, cereal, butter, milk, sugar, and egg. Such a breakfast might consist of a large orange, a half cup of cooked cereal with one level teaspoonful of sugar and as much as is needed of a glass of milk; the remainder of the milk to be drunk. One egg may be taken any way except fried, and coffee or tea without sugar or cream. This furnishes from 500 to 600 calories.

At noon one may have a vegetable cooked with very little butter or a large serving of salad with one slice of bread and a glass of milk, furnishing from 400 to 500 calories.

For dinner one may have a clear soup, a serving of lean meat or fish or a half cup of baked beans or of macaroni and cheese plus a medium boiled potato, a vegetable, tea or coffee without milk or buttermilk, and either fruit or a very small piece of cake, furnishing from 500 to 700 calories, and making a total for the day of 1400 to 1800 calories.

The vegetables to choose on such a diet are lettuce, cucumber, spinach, asparagus, rhubarb, endive, marrow, sauerkraut, beet greens, celery, mushrooms.

Not quite so good, but still satisfactory in moderate quantities, are tomatoes, water cress, cauliflower, egg plant, cabbage, radishes, leeks, string beans, broccoli, artichokes.

The best fruits are grapefruit, strawberries, lemons, cranberries, peaches, blackberries, oranges, currants.

What about the promise that a reducing diet can include pie, milk shakes, fudge sundaes, chocolate candy, and other highly concentrated foods?

Indulgence in these can be permitted only infrequently, and then only if you forgo part of your diet. Don't kid yourself that a soft drink has no calories. It has about 60 to the average small bottle. A good thick milk shake will account for 500 calories if you drink it all.

Even when their total weight is reasonably satisfactory, our womenfolk are always finding something wrong with its distribution, and the doctor is asked by his feminine patients how they may reduce their hips, slim their ankles, and diminish their calves.

Even man, less preoccupied with his figure, wants usually to halt his equatorial expansion short of excessive inflation.

The weight at which you look best and feel best is probably your normal weight, regardless of what the tables say. If it is not more than 10 per cent. below or more than 20 per cent. above figures in official weight tables, you have additional assurance that it is probably a satisfactory weight for you.

How and why do people get fat? There are three principal reasons: Organic disease, under-exercise, and overeating—and the greatest of these is overeating.

There really are some persons who have a stronger tendency to grow fat than others. Usually it is an indication of hereditary trends involving principally the glands of internal secretion.

Such glandularly fat people usually suffer from deficiencies of one or more of the pituitary, thyroid, and sex glands. These three glands have much to do with the body economy, and with some lesser help from the adrenal glands they largely control sex and its secondary manifestations, including weight.

Yes, there are glandular types, but the chances are that you are not one of them. The plain and disagreeable truth is that if you are overweight it is undoubtedly because you eat too much.

Overweight interferes with good appearance, reduces efficiency, and impairs well-being and the enjoyment of life. It is worth while to get back to normal. Do it safely, under medical guidance. It can be done. The price is not too high. So here's to you—pounds aweigh!

Interesting People

MRS. JESSIE McPHERSON

. . . Mayor of Johannesburg

FIRST woman to be made Mayor of Johannesburg, Mrs. Jessie McPherson, born in Melbourne in 1901, daughter of William Patterson. Went to Johannesburg as a child. Has been member of Labor Party National Committee for many years, and in 1938 represented South African Labor at Labor Conference in England. Visited Germany, Poland, Russia to study labor conditions.

MR. GEORGE MACANDIE, C.B.E.

. . . knows his Navy

THIRTY-FIVE years' association with the R.A.N. has given Mr. George Macandie wonderful background for recently completed book on the genesis of the Senior Service, with enough material to write further works, including histories of late Vice-Admiral Creswell and State Naval Forces. Awarded C.B.E. for work as secretary of Navy Department in 1914-18 War. During World War II was Assistant-Secretary Navy Department, and Secretary Naval Board.

MISS JOAN WHITGIFT

. . . electrical ambassador.

INTENSIVE investigation of domestic electrical equipment manufacture and visit to all electric exhibitions and demonstration centres in America were made by Joan Whitgift, Surrey, England, awarded first travelling exhibition in electrical housecraft given by the Caroline Haslett Trust. She will lecture to British audiences on comparisons between British and American methods of salesmanship and demonstration, training of domestic science teachers, facilities for public to study domestic science.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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RUSSIA, Shetland pony foal, is not impressed by antics of three of the clowns—Ray Humphreys, Jimmie Cornford, and Toa Fredo. Fredo's wife is the "Bird Lady" in circus.

DRESSED as "Dummy," clown-acrobat Bob Cornish is hard to recognise, but his 22-months-old son Robert sees through the disguise and exclaims "Dadda" delightedly when his father is ready for the ring. Bob also appears in acrobatic act with his wife.

CLOWNS . . . *they make their living out of laughter*

Nine clowns—who rely on laughter for a livelihood—are entertaining large audiences of children during the school holidays at Wirth's Circus in Melbourne.

By MARY COLES

STILL CLOWNING, Jack Storey has been with Wirth's Circus for 24 years. A tumbler in his youth, he has given seven Command Performances for Royalty in England and Europe.

THEY are:

- Jack Storey, a Cockney who has been seven times round the world as a tumbler.
- Jack Wislang, who was born in a circus tent at Tamworth and is a grandson of circus identity Freddie Ashton.
- Toa Fredo, fifth generation "Fredo" in a circus family.
- Mick Lane, boy soprano at seven, who came to the circus via vaudeville.
- Bob Cornish, until recently a railway engineer and Sydney high diver.
- Jimmie Cornford, a Melbourne fireman until he became a trapeze artist eight years ago.
- Ollie Winskill, who came out from England in 1919 in an acrobatic act with his two brothers.
- Ray Humphreys and David Phillips.

Behind the scenes the nine clowns are a pleasant team of men who take their jobs very seriously and subject all their wisecracks to the acid test of "will it make the children laugh?"

"If kiddies like an act, everyone thinks it is funny," is their maxim.

"It takes a clever man to act the part of a complete fool and get away with it," explained Philip Wirth, who recently returned to manage the circus after five years' war service.

"Actually, there is a deep psychology underlying the popularity of clowns.

"They've got the job of restoring to people a feeling of superiority and bolstering up egos deflated in everyday life by a hundred and one causes, and more immediately at the circus when patrons are inclined to feel insignificant after watching lion-tamers, daredevil horse and bike riders, trapeze artists, and acrobats at their death-defying work."

The arrival of the clowns in the ring is the signal for relaxation after suspense.

Even four-year-olds preen at their superior knowledge over "silly old clowns."

And they wildly applaud when they find the clown, a grown-up, committing the same childish errors as themselves—falling over, not being able to throw a ball straight, getting hopelessly mussed-up with flour.

But it's not only the children. Even the most adult among us find something of a kindred spirit in the circus clown.

Perhaps it is his ability to keep up a brave front. He has to be funny even when he is not feeling so good, and take undeserved kicks and tumbles without murmuring.

He learns to laugh life off.

"Take my indigestion," said Jack Storey. "Sometimes I go into the ring gripped by pain.

"But looking miserable is part of my make-up, and the worse I look the more the kiddies laugh.

"When they laugh I feel happy, too, and the indigestion wears off."

In lots of circuses many play dual roles throughout their careers—wire walkers, trapeze artists, and stunt men are often also billed on the programme as clowns with fancy names.

Very few clowns break into the game without previous experience in the circus or vaudeville. A good many are born to it.

Most of the clowns are married, some to former circus entertainers. Some wives have continued in their careers. Their children all take a lively interest in their fathers' make-up and performance.

BARKO, 14-year-old terrier, and his master, Ollie Winskill, win great applause with their one-wheel bicycle and balancing act. They've worked together since Barko was six months old.

DOMESTIC DISCORD. Mick Lane (centre) as "Mum" has difficult time with "problem children," played by his wife, Edna Furler, and Jackie Wislang. Mick was munition worker during war, raised large sums for Red Cross with his show, "Happy Hoboes." Jack Wislang entertained troops for 4½ years as member of Jim Davidson's entertainment unit.

MAKING UP is 20-minute job for clowns Ray Humphreys and David Phillips, who use traditional white greasepaint foundation for their faces, with brilliant red mouths and noses, exaggerated black eyebrows.

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WORTH Reporting

WE thought we detected a faint old-world perfume in our mail the other morning, and we were quite right.

When we opened up one imposing envelope we found it came from the information service at Monte Carlo, and had a lot of interesting details about the resumption of life and gay doings at the always-famous playground.

It's on again. The authorities are out to see "that the prestige of Monte Carlo as the premiere luxury resort should continue undimmed."

We can't blame them for that, seeing that they reckon the post-war trade is worth £200,000,000 annually.

One of the breathless pieces of information is about a golfer called Mr. Harry Cotton, who has established a golf school there.

But with a difference.

Players practise their drives from a tee overlooking the sea just below the terrace at the Casino.

And they drive the balls "at a target in a dinghy-lined fairway, where caddies in small boats will retrieve the floating balls."

Mr. Cotton says he can think of nothing more exciting than this.

What's in a name?

SIMILARITY of names gives headaches to the Repatriation Commission, according to publicity officer Mr. Hugh Dodd, in Melbourne.

He says there are 247 "J. Ryans," 265 "W. Smiths," and no fewer than 47 "Mary Smiths," on the lists of the Repatriation Commission in Victoria alone.

One man called John Roberts, who was shot in the hand at Gallipoli in World War I, has a son also called John Roberts and also shot in the same hand in New Guinea. They have the same address.

"Imagine keeping their papers from getting mixed," he said ruefully.

"We always hope that when ex-Service people write in to us they will give their Service number or unit in their letters. Otherwise we are completely fogged," he said.

Beds in baths

APPARENTLY the English no longer keep coals in their baths. At least that was the impression we got after hearing from two sets of friends of ours who live in England.

The first story was related to us by Margot Streeter, who arrived in Australia recently in the flying-boat Hythe, on a journalistic assignment.

She was staying in a boarding-house at Finchley. Accommodation was so short that one gentleman was allowed to live in the bathroom.

He slept in the bath.

"He must have hated me," said Margot. "I used to wake him up every morning at 7 o'clock so that I could have my bath."

The other concerns two friends of ours who have a house some little way out of London. They like to spend a night in the city every now and then, taking in dinner and a show.

Owing to the impossibility of booking a room at a hotel for the night they hie themselves to a Turkish bath after supper and the theatre, and therein have a Turkish bath.

The point is that customers are allowed to spend the night there, sleeping on a couch.

And they even are wakened with a cup of tea in the morning before taking off for outer suburbia.

THE STARS LOOK DOWN

IN some green heaven where no thunder breaks
To mar the innings of celestial teams,
Where none turns scribe to sear his pals' mistakes,
And cricket is the very stuff of dreams,
Grace, Noble, Victor Trumper, and the rest
Still play the game. Umpires are always right,
Forever is the day by sunlight blest
And never's heard appeal against the light.

Yet one thing's missing: where all names are great,
None can recall a greater from the past.
I wonder are they happy in their state
Or are their eyes on us with envy cast?
And, feeling in heaven of argument a dearth,
Do they chew over the day's play on earth?

—DOROTHY DRAIN

OUR London office reports that one of the main exports from Britain at the moment is Bibles. They are rolling off the printing presses in thousands in every Continental language.

Business as usual

"A BONUS will be paid this week."

A small slip of white paper bearing these words pinned on a theatrical notice board means a cheque for anything up to £100 for members of The Kiwis, New Zealand's famous Army entertainers, now at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, after seasons in Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

Theirs is an engaging story. They're a team of former comrades in arms now in the show business professionally.

They were formed into a company at the command of General Freyberg in the Middle East four years ago. On their return home, the New Zealand Government allowed them to put their production on a business basis as a reward for their grand work entertaining troops during the war.

Every member of The Kiwis, irrespective of his role in the show, receives exactly the same weekly salary.

Every Kiwi also receives the same dividend cheque when profits are declared after a successful season, and has his say on policy and running of the company at general monthly meetings.

C.O. of the show is slimly built, fair-haired, and good-looking Terry Vaughan. He is musical director-producer.

Younger than many of the boys, they nevertheless affectionately call him "Dad." And his word is law.

A misdemeanor serious enough to bring a frown to his face results in an as-quick-as-a-flash fine.

The Kiwis are 34 strong, but as wives and families of a number of men travel along, too, finding accommodation for everyone is a headache for advance manager Charles Dearden.

The company call their bunch of female impersonators "the girls."

All their elaborate costumes are made for them by the "wardrobe mistress," Maurice Hood.

For the show in Melbourne he has designed and made 80 costumes.

Quite a tribute to their dressing and their make-up was unwittingly paid by a Press photographer in Western Australia.

After photographing them for nearly an hour he took his last picture, said good-bye, and raised his hat.

Animal Antics

"Can you lend me a few bob till I get over the hump?"

Long-distance treatment

PATRONS at a popular Melbourne restaurant would have been intrigued the other day if they had known the identity of the tall, fair-haired musician at the Hammond electric organ who entertained with the latest swing hits and smilingly obliged with request numbers during the morning tea and luncheon.

He was Flying Doctor J. J. Woods, who was in town on brief visit from the Flying Doctor Base at Broken Hill.

Earlier in the day he had performed a long-distance "operation," 900 miles away, from his bedroom at his Melbourne hotel.

Awakened about 7 a.m. by ringing of phone, the caller was from Flying Doctor Base at Broken Hill, with a message that the wife of a Queensland station manager, 400 miles distant again, wanted to speak to Dr. Woods by pedal wireless.

Taking her call via the telephone, he heard: "Good morning, Doctor. Little Jeanie broke her string of Christmas beads last night and I'm afraid she's got one of the beads stuck in her nose. Over to you."

"Good morning," came voice of Flying Doctor.

"She's a bit young to understand what you meant if you told her to sneeze. Think you had better shake a little pepper on a handkerchief and let her sniff it.

"That should do the trick. I'll stand by. Over to you."

A few minutes later came the triumphant voice of the happy mother. "She sneezed, doctor."

* * *

A FRIEND of ours who is leaving shortly for England received a cellophane-wrapped parcel to pop in her trunk.

It bore the appropriate little couplet:

"Hold your own with those Mayfair creatures,
Take along a tin of peaches."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"BE BEAUTIFUL"

PRICE **6/6** POST FREE

LEARN how to make the most of yourself from "Be Beautiful," beauty book by Jean Cleland, published by Consolidated Press for The Australian Women's Weekly. To obtain a copy fill in the coupon below and post with postal note for 6/6 to The Australian Women's Weekly, Castlereagh St., Sydney . . . we'll send you a copy of "Be Beautiful" POST FREE.

Please send me a copy of "Be Beautiful," by Jean Cleland, post free, to the address below. I am enclosing a postal note for 6/6.

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ADDRESS .....

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TO MAKE HOME IN BURMA. Mrs. Derek Crookes (left) has farewell luncheon at Prince's with Joyce Weymark before she flies with her baby daughter, Penelope Gay, to make home in Rangoon, where her husband, Captain Derek Crookes, is aide to General H. R. Briggs, G.O.C., Burma.

WED AT ST. MARK'S. John Crane and his bride, formerly Patricia Dobell, leave St. Mark's with bridesmaids, Patricia's sister, Helen Dobell, and Helen Barder (right), daughter of Canon Barder, who officiated at ceremony. Patricia is elder daughter of the Glenn Dobells, of Gladswood Gardens, Double Bay.

Intimate Gossipings

TENNIS FANS. Jim Coleman and Nedra Levy are interested spectators at Manly Seaside Courts, when United States tennis players Jack Kramer, Ted Schroeder, and Tom Brown play.

CRICKET enthusiast Commander "Robbie" Robertson, Controller of the Duke's household, has achieved an ambition to have cricketing cap with M.C.C. on it.

The M.C.C. in this case stands for Manuka Cricket Club, Canberra, which Robbie has played with during his stay in the capital. Caps haven't been made during the war years, but Ian Emerton, president of the local cricket association (who is also Usher of the Black Rod at Parliament House), arranged to order one specially for Robbie when they met at a party in Canberra given by High Commissioner for the United Kingdom Mr. E. J. Williams and Mrs. Williams.

Ian tells Robbie cap may not be finished before he leaves for England. "Just address it to me to St. James' Palace," says Robbie. Amid laughter, he blithely adds: "Oh, yes, I have a little room there—about four by two!"

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HOLIDAY at Whale Beach for Andre du Boise, who has just announced her engagement to Lieut. James Kelly, D.S.C., R.N. Andre is the youngest daughter of Mrs. du Boise, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. Arthur du Boise. Lieut. Kelly is the son of Col. H. B. Kelly, D.S.O., and Mrs. Kelly, of Swanage, Dorset. He is in command of H.M. Submarine Truncheon.

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AFTER honeymooning at Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Beaumont are settling into their flat at Mosman. Mrs. Beaumont, before her recent marriage at St. Andrew's Cathedral, was the well-known pianist Patricia Mewton.

NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Mott snapped when they return from their honeymoon. Mrs. Mott formerly Marie Baxter, daughter of the John Baxters, of Artarmon. Couple making home at Wahroonga.

DUNTROON graduate Major Leslie Wright, N.Z.E.F., and his bride, formerly Mary Mosely, leave St. James' Church, King Street, after marriage. Mary met Leslie when she was attached to A.W.A.S. at Royal Military College, Duntroon. Bridegroom arrived on leave from Japan few days before wedding.

AUSTRALIAN bride Phyllis Jesson, of Arncliffe, was given away at her marriage to Commander John Ford Beecher, U.S.N.R., by Australian Ambassador to U.S.A., Mr. Makin. Bride, who is daughter of the H. J. Jessons, of Arncliffe, was cipher-officer on staff of Australian Embassy in Washington.

LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Shirley Vendenberg (left), Barbara Carey, Helen Trott, and Joan Allsop lunch together during Varsity holidays Shirley, Helen, and Joan are doing Arts course together.

REAL country atmosphere following wedding of Antilla Browne and Jim Davidson, which was held at lovely old homestead Toompang—home of Mr. D. H. McFarlane. Couples were still dancing at three o'clock in the morning. Bride and bridegroom are members of two of the oldest grazing families in the State. Joan Browne, Antilla's sister; Diana Davidson, bridegroom's sister; and Elaine Purchase were bridesmaids and followed bride up aisle of St. John's Church of England, Young. Two fellow P.O.W.s, who were with Jim in Changi camp—Bill Barnes, of Boorowa, and Johnny Fuller, of Sydney—attended bridegroom.

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DIAMOND and sapphire engagement ring worn by Helen Armstrong, of Goolhi Station, Gunnedah, when she announces engagement to Sydney Steindl, of "Clunmoney," Glen Innes. No plans made for marriage, but couple will make their home at Tamworth after they wed. Sydney is secretary of North Western Racing Association.

• • •

CHRIST CHURCH, Queanbeyan, chosen by Helen Bruce, eldest daughter of the George Bruces, and Leslie Eaton, only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Eaton, of Queanbeyan. Helen and George spend honeymoon on South Coast and will fly to Adelaide to make their future home.

CONGRATULATIONS pouring in on all sides for the popular Bracegirdles in Canberra when Rear-Admiral Bracegirdle receives a knighthood and becomes Sir Leighton Bracegirdle, R.A.N. Sir Leighton is official secretary to the Governor-General, a post he has held for 15 years, and members of Royal Household are among first to congratulate the charming pair. Sir Leighton and Lady Bracegirdle have two sons, Lieut.-Commander Warwick Bracegirdle, D.S.C., R.A.N., and Squadron-Leader Brian Bracegirdle. I wouldn't be surprised if Sir Leighton's friends don't turn his nickname Brace into Sir Brace.

• • •

MOTORING to Kiama, Leslie and Betty Mace will spend their honeymoon there before returning to Cundletown, near Taree, to make their home. Couple were married recently at St. Mary's Cathedral.

• • •

CABLE from America for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nesbit, of Manly, from their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Noble, announcing the arrival of baby daughter.

Unusual names of Shan Lee chosen for new arrival, who is their second child. Their son, Larry, celebrates his second birthday this week.

Mrs. Noble was formerly Molly Nesbit, and her home is now in Orangeville, Illinois.

Joyce

VISITOR TO SYDNEY Lady Tovey (left) is guest of Mrs. G. D. Moore, wife of Rear-Admiral Moore, at Tresco, when Lady Tovey arrives in Sydney with Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord Tovey.

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"A Godsend to us"...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what **a godsend they have been to us.** My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and **was in bed for nearly a year.** I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS *come from all corners of the Empire*

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the **cause** of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.

Pressure on back indicates area affected by germs and poisons, causing backache.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints.

In such cases as these Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THOSE whose birthdays fall between the 10th and 20th of the month in the star groups Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Virgo, Taurus, and Pisces enjoy special good fortune this week.

Others in these groups are also favored, but caution and patience should be exercised by Librans, Arians, and Cancerians during the present period.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Trouble is easy to find now, especially on Jan. 14, 20, and 21, so be cautious. Keep to routine tasks, and dodge change and worry.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Seek desired goals and favors now, and do not procrastinate. Jan. 18 excellent; 19, 20 (to dusk), and 21 (evening) all very helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Routine tasks prove best now, but plan for some good weeks to come. Meanwhile Jan. 14 (except sunset), 18 (except midday hours), and 18 (evening) are all helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Indiscretions will bring their toll of regrets now, so be cautious and seek harmony. Surprise good fortune is possible, however, on Jan. 16 (except midday), 18, or 17.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Finalise important matters now, for some difficult weeks lie ahead. Jan. 17 (after midday), 18, and 19 are all fair, but watch out for discord.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Happiness and good fortune come your way now, especially on Jan. 18 (except midday), 16, 17 (early), 20 (to dusk), and 21. Rest of week may prove deceptive.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Discretion and patience pay dividends now, as troubles are likely, especially on Jan. 14, 18, 20, and 21. Routine tasks prove best.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Finalise important projects this week. Jan. 14 (except dusk) fair; 15, 16, 17, 18, and 21 (evening) helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Surprisingly helpful radiations favor you now, especially on Jan. 14 (except sunset hours), 15 (except midday), 16, 17, 18, and 21 (late). Make good use of this period.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): An excellent week for seeking progress and favors, so use well. Jan. 15 (except midday), 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21 (to dusk) all very helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Modest fortunes likely this week on Jan. 14, 15 (late), 18, and 19. Plan ahead for some splendid weeks to come.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Jan. 15 (except midday hours), 16, and 17 (to midday) all helpful for modest gains, but Jan. 17 (late), 18, and 19 very tricky.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"Radio programmes are ruining this school! Every time a pupil answers a question he wants to get paid!"

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-8.
SUGAR: S1-4.
BUTTER: 1-6 (till Feb. 2).
MEAT: Black 8-11, 4th Feb. 2 (12-14 also available Jan. 19); green, 9 and 11 (13, 15 also available Jan. 19).
CLOTHING: Z57-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 (current).

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting a ranch in New Mexico, owned by beautiful
DONNA: Whose life Mandrake has saved twice. She says she has had trouble ever since inheriting the ranch, which is supposed to be haunted by a two-headed monster. Her would-be murderers are
HARKER: A tough cattleman, and his off-sider
STEVE: Who shares Harker's wish to get rid of Mandrake. Harker competes with Mandrake in buckjumping on a wild bronco, and in steer-throwing; but Mandrake wins both contests by his hypnotic gestures. Now Harker and Steve realise they must try some other means of persuading Mandrake to leave, and they hatch a sinister plot, involving the two-headed monster. NOW READ ON:

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Back-to-School Clothes from David Jones' Youth Centre

The smartest parents in town are coming to the Youth Centre, 4th floor, for their children's back-to-school wear. This is the place where clothing the young and active ceases to be a problem, and busy mothers are helped at every turn.

The Clothing Pool is a special David Jones' service where unwanted school clothes are re-sold at reasonable prices. No charge is made for this Sorry, we can't extend this service to mail orders. If advice on school uniforms, fees, etc., is needed, consult the School Service Bureau, situated at the top of the escalators.

"Radley"

The Tunic that grows with the girl.

Your daughter's growth over the holidays will astonish you. So will "Radley's" ability to keep pace with that growth. In cool Fortuna cloth, sizes 20 to 40, 10/3 to 17/2, with 3 to 9 cpns.; in first-quality navy serge, sizes 20 to 44, 28/- to 41/6, with 3 to 5 cpns.

Shirt Blouses in white cotton.

White Blouses with block shoulders. Tape at waist and well-tailored collar. Sizes 24 to 32, 4 cpns.; 34-40, 7 cpns., from 7/6.

School Shirts in English Headcloth.

Boys' neatly tailored Shirts that wear and wash well. In English headcloth, College blue. Sizes 12 to 14, 10/6, with 4 coupons.

Girls' Velours.

A regulation soft-bloom Velour Hat in navy or brown. Trimmed with matching corded ribbon, sizes 21 to 22½, 18/6.

Girls' Panamas.

Genuine Panamas, cream, sizes 20½ to 22½, 27/11. Hat-bands and Ties are obtainable in the Girls' Millinery Department.

White Poplin Underpants.

Boys' poplin Underpants, with elastic at sides and "saddle-cut" seat. In white only, waist 24" to 30", 2 cpns.; 32" to 34", 3 cpns., 4/10.

Boys'—Youths' Fur Felt Hats.

Good quality fur felt Hats for boys and youths. Colour is the correct school grey, sizes 6¾ to 7¼, priced 23/6.

Bands and caps for all the leading Boys' schools in the Boys' Hat Dept.

"Betsy Anne"

long-wearing Shoes for school.

Whether teacher's pet or not, the parental eye views them with pride and shoes them wisely for back-to-school, keeping in mind "Betsy Anne's" well-known features . . . flexible, long-wearing soles and inner soles; pliable, strong uppers, smoothly lined for sensitive feet, and shoes designed to conform to the natural bone shape. The Derby School Shoes and Ghillies, of yearling calf, are black and brown, sizes 11 to 1½, 19/2; 2 to 5, and half sizes, 20/8.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL ORDERS TO BOX 503, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

David Jones' YOUTH CENTRE
4th FLOOR, ELIZABETH ST. STORE
or BOX 503, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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Continuing . . Molly was a Doctor

from page 3

THEN, just a week ago, Aunt Mary had got the confirmation of her tour dates, since when every moment of Molly's spare time had gone into helping with preparations for the trip. Each day she planned to see Gunn for a moment; found that the moment wasn't there; told herself she'd have plenty of time once Aunt Mary was safely started on her tour. Then had come that fateful party.

Now she was whirling along on Aunt Mary's tour. She hadn't seen Gunn again; the last she'd heard he was soon to be unbandaged. It would have been nice to see what he looked like.

"Straighten out your psychology," said Molly to herself. "That man doesn't mean a thing in your life . . . This trip'll steer you on a new track. Think of all the fun you're going to have and all the new people you're going to meet!"

The train swooped into the station and Molly picked up her bags.

On the platform stood a group of elderly gentlemen who peered about as if in search of someone for whom they felt profound respect. They quite overlooked young Molly, with her soft brown hair, her chic suit, her impudent hat. The train had roared its way out, the other arrivals had gone, and Molly stood there looking round. So did the venerable gentlemen.

Molly had a flash of thought. Approaching the oldest of the men, she said, "I beg your pardon, but are you Dr. Phineas Partridge?"

"Yes, I am Dr. Partridge," replied the old gentleman, but his glance said, "Later, my child, later. I have urgent business now."

"Well—I'm Mary Flint."

Dr. Partridge looked incredulous and tried not to, which made it worse. "Dr. Flint! I am delighted to welcome you. This is indeed an honor. But, frankly, Dr. Flint . . ." And Dr. Partridge surveyed Molly in obvious bewilderment.

"I know," murmured Molly. "I'm the wrong Dr. Flint. But surely you got our wire?"

"Yes, to be sure, the telegram," and in Dr. Partridge's tone gallantry grappled with disappointment. "You are Dr. Flint's niece. Very sad. The accident, I mean. Most regrettable. Dr. Flint's niece . . . So kind of you to come in her place . . ."

The rest of the committee seemed to take it hard, too.

"You can't blame them," said Molly to herself. "They had their minds set on Aunt Mary. They had expected something different. So did I, for that matter, but surely they can't all be like this . . ."

The lecture went off better than Molly had expected. When it was over, learned scientists applauded and came to shake hands with her. Then Mrs. Partridge said, "We've planned a little tea so that our little community may have the pleasure of meeting you . . ." And Molly thought, "Good! Here's where the fun starts!"

A good tea was waiting, and a good crowd was on hand. The faculty members stayed near the fireplace—they were all rather old, and it was warmer there. Beyond, groups of lively young people stood about in pleasant expectancy, waiting for the party to start.

Introductions began, and then something happened. With awful definiteness the tea guests were dividing themselves into two groups.

The venerable faculty members crowded close and asked questions about the Flint Stain, while the young people bowed, murmured, then went a good distance away, where they began enjoying themselves with other young people.

By the time the tea was over Molly needed a fresh dose of concentration on the good work of carrying on for Aunt Mary. Well, there was one comfort, this was the first lecture. The rest of the tour could not be so bad.

In the weeks that followed Molly found that the other receptions differed from the first chiefly in the shape of the cakes. She was eagerly questioned by learned scientists, and avoided by everyone else.

Now the tour was nearly over, Molly's one thought was to get it over and go home.

The train pulled into the station, and Molly took a routine glance at the venerable group peering about the platform. The chairman of the committee was Dr. Owen Parr; so, quite as a matter of routine, Molly approached the gentleman with the whitest moustache and said, "Dr. Parr? I'm Mary Flint."

Dr. Parr looked incredulous, tried not to, and said, "Dr. Flint! I'm delighted to welcome you. But, I assure you, Doctor . . . I didn't . . ."

"That's all right," said Molly. "Nobody does."

On the way to Dr. Parr's house the committee immersed itself in the Flint Stain; when they got there Mrs. Parr came out just as they were beginning on hypertension.

"We've planned a little reception for to-night," said Mrs. Parr, leading the way up to the guest-room. "Just an informal little gathering for the young people. You've no idea what an inspiration you are to them! All those lectures must be very strenuous."

For Molly the strenuous business began when she returned to the guest-room to dress for the reception. At the lecture she had been a worker talking of work. Now she was getting ready for fun, and nobody let her have any fun. She brushed her glossy hair, applied lipstick and nail polish, slipped into her blue figured frock.

"Now," she asked of the girl in the mirror, "don't you think someone'll ask me for a dance?"

"No," said the girl in the mirror. "They'll ask you about the coccus."

"Oh, shut up!" said Dr. Mary Flint, and went downstairs. There was a well-spread table in the dining-room to the left and a clear space and a phonograph in the sun-room to the right. Three young men stood talking to a pretty girl, wearing expressions that called to Molly's mind distant memories of pre-Stain days.

"Why, Dr. Flint!" exclaimed Mrs. Parr as she noted the lipstick and the nail polish. Then she returned to the normal level of entertaining a scientist. "Professor Bird is in the study with Owen. He's so eager to meet you. I'll just tell him you've come down . . ." Mrs. Parr bustled off and two of the young men looked up, exchanged glances, and came towards Molly. They did not look scientific; they looked merely pleased.

"Looks like a big time coming," said one very sociably.

"It looks lovely!" breathed Molly.

"Look," said the second. "You're not June's friend, Vera Dane?"

"N-no," began Molly cautiously. "I'm not . . ."

"Okay with me. We can have a good time without Vera Dane."

"How do you mean, 'we'?" the first one put in.

The prospects were brightening. Maybe this last time was going to be different. But now Mrs. Farr came back with Professor Bird, who twirled his white moustache, the picture of scholarly eagerness. Mrs. Farr put an arm through Molly's.

"And here is Dr. Flint. Dr. Flint, let me present Professor Bird, who . . ."

"Delighted!" cut in the professor, peering at Molly with as much interest as if she had been a specimen of bacterium, newly stained.

The two young men again exchanged glances and sought the background. A moment later they were once more clustered about the pretty girl.

The party was soon in full swing. Peering over the professor's shoulder, Molly watched it.

Mrs. Farr introduced numbers of gay young people who bowed, murmured, and then fled to the dining-room or the sun-room, whence soon there came the subdued sound of dance music.

Eventually, however, a young man with shrewd eyes came to Molly bearing a glass and a plate of cakes.

"Allow me," he said, "you must be tired."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Molly, warm with the relief of speaking to someone who had not distinguished himself in science 30 years ago.

"I'm Walter Barnes," he began. "You don't know how much I've been wanting to meet you."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Molly again.

"I've heard about you, of course; but it isn't what you hear about a person that counts. It's the person himself—herself—the real human being who lives hidden, perhaps lonely, within the self that the world knows."

"Oh," breathed Molly, too moved to make a properly conversational reply.

"People don't know you," young Barnes went on persuasively, "and they should. Now I've an assignment from 'The Woman's Friend' to write the story of your life . . ."

"Oh!" said Molly, but it was an entirely different "oh."

"Of course, scientists don't tell all, like prima donnas, but it would be perfectly discreet to speak of your youth—I mean your childhood . . ."

"Oh, you're perfectly hateful!" Molly whisked around to the professor, who stepped eagerly back into position.

"Now then," he plunged in again, "as we were saying . . . in hypertension of the pulmonary circulation . . ."

Molly wasn't listening. She was forging darts that she should have shot at Barnes and hadn't thought of in-time. She had worked up to a fine, fiery climax when the professor suddenly asked her whether she didn't agree with the theory he had put forth. Taken unawares she put her fiery climax into her eyes and glared at the old gentleman so that he jerked back in shock.

The jerk cleared the view ahead, and Molly found herself staring into the eyes of a man she hadn't seen before. Certainly he hadn't been introduced to her.

He stood off by himself, by the wall, and as his eyes met Molly's they brightened with a look that said, "Well, here we are. I've been waiting for this. Have you?"

It was just after that that Mrs. Farr came to fetch the professor off to the supper table. The group was broken now and Molly saw the sympathetic young man leave his wall and come toward her. She tried to stand there calmly.

MELANCHOLY memories flashed before her—the Gunn person, who had melted into thin air—the young men who had spent the past six weeks fleeing from her.

"I can't stand any more of it," she wailed to herself. "If I stand here he'll come over and then someone'll introduce us and he'll do a fast vanishing act, like the rest. This time I'll do the vanishing!"

Turning abruptly, Molly fled out along a passage and into the dark garden. She only stopped when she reached the end of the garden, breathless and panting. Then reason came back.

"Come on, snap out of this," she scolded herself. "You'll never settle a thing by running away from it. You're going to march yourself back inside—and like it. And if that nice young man is introduced, only one of two things can happen. Either he'll be friendly or he'll run for shelter."

She walked back with firm steps, and all the perils of the garden that she hadn't discovered on her wild rush out bore down on her now. Low-hanging branches swished across her face and made a mess of her hair. She caught a heel in uneven flagging and stumbled.

Finally a step tripped her and she sprawled on her hands and knees. After that, even psychology was useless. Dr. Mary Flint sat in an awkward attitude on the garden path and sobbed.

Suddenly she felt strong hands on her shoulders. Blinking away her tears, she found herself peering into the eyes that had looked at her so constantly in the living-room. The sympathetic young man helped her to her feet.

"Why, you poor little girl," he murmured.

Then quite unceremoniously he kissed her.

"Molly," he whispered, "Molly Flint—what made you run out on me?"

"I didn't want to see you run out on me," she sniffed.

"I never ran out on you," he said.

"Everyone else does . . ." she began. Suddenly, then, she caught her breath. "Who are you?" she said. "How do you know my name?"

"That's quite a story. Come on over to that bench. When two people have kissed they've a good excuse to get acquainted." And he led her back to the bench she had just left. "Or," he was saying, "let's skip the statistics. This is good enough."

"You'd better be careful," Molly said dismally. "When you find out about me you'll stiffen up the way the others do. And don't think I'm warning you for your own sake, either. It's just that I can't bear . . ." She stopped short.

"It's the same nice voice," he said, "and what meets the eye is also highly pleasing. Suppose you'd been one of those gargoyle gals."

"Oh!" Something within her gave a crazy leap. "What are you talking about?"

"About blood. And rules. And a voice. A fellow gets notions when he's banged up in bed. You'd never believe the sort of thing that grabs him. With me, now, it was a voice . . ."

"Not—not Archie Gunn?" breathed Molly.

"See that now! She remembers. When you walked out on me that time I took it for granted that . . ."

"But I didn't walk out on you! I had to go away because . . ."

"I know all about that. Your Aunt Mary told me."

"Aunt Mary? Why, you know . .?"

"I certainly do! When I got human again the first thing I did was to write a good, strong letter to Dr. Mary Flint, giving my full views on the way she gave up reading to a battered patient. And it got sent to your aunt. Great old girl, your aunt! She thought I was crazy, writing her libels . . . and when she speaks her mind she speaks. So we got the thing straightened out, and she told me where I could get a look at you." He grinned.

"She even gave me a letter to our host so I wouldn't have to crash his gate. Aunt Mary and I get along like a house on fire! So that's the story. Now, go on, say something—I like to hear you talk."

"Oh," said Molly obligingly. "Oh, gosh!"

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Teen-ager wants more mixed clubs

IN England and America there are clubs where teen-agers can spend their evenings with boys and girls of the same age. Why not have more of them in Australia?

Clubs formed on these lines could cater for various tastes.

One night could be jazz night for our hepcats, while on another night those preferring classical music could attend.

Other nights could be set aside for debates and discussions on the countless subjects of interest to youth.

I am a teen-ager, and I think if clubs of this kind were formed with excursions at week-ends and means of clean, healthy fun during week-nights, a large proportion of street roamers would disappear.

Not only this, but young people would learn through these clubs the basic rule of good citizenship, to give and take where others are concerned.

Teen-agers of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow, so why not help us to develop satisfactorily?

£1 to Kenneth Wheeler, P.O. Box 83, Yarrawonga, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 2. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Practising golden rule

WE have just taken over our newly built home, and in these days of acute housing shortage one would think it would evoke envious murmurs. Instead, we have been showered with kindness and congratulations.

When we moved in we had no electricity for a few days, and five people living in the same street offered us lamps, another offered us hot meals during the first inconvenient days, another flowers for our vases.

Passers-by, as we moved in, wished us good luck. All these kindnesses were from strangers. Self-centredness is supposed to be a failing of this generation. I can't believe it. It is not a question of looking for the bright side of human nature; you just can't help seeing the bright side in such instances as these.

5/- to Mr. L. Danby, 8 Estella St., Glen Iris, Vic.

Odorless fly sprays

NOW summer is here flies are back again and sprays are being used

extensively. Being one of the many sufferers from hay fever, I am allergic to the scents of these sprays. Is there any chance of some odorless sprays being manufactured?

5/- to J. A. Thompson, Keith Ave., Manningham, S.A.

Fair to all?

ARE present examinations fair to all candidates? A candidate can only pass or fail in a stipulated number of subjects, say, five. The unfortunate unsuccessful candidate may pass in four and fail only in one, but he is still a failure. He has nothing to show he has done as well as he has. It would be better to issue a certificate stating the subjects every candidate has passed. In this way all candidates who have tried will at least receive some consolation and recompense for their efforts.

5/- to B. Finn, 113 Sturt St., Townsville, Qld.

Partner, not servant

A WIFE who accepts a wage or salary as suggested by Mrs. A. Braddon (7/12/46) for being what she usually is—wife, mother, pack-horse—thereby lowers her own status, and a husband who makes it necessary for her to do so lowers both his own and his wife's status.

She is not a hired servant. She is a life partner, and is entitled to the highest dividend their particular concern can pay.

It is not a new law we need so much as a better observance of the old ones.

5/- to W. Stewart, 106 Archer St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

May save a life

WHY not compulsory lessons in first-aid for older school children? No one knows when they will be confronted by an emergency when even an elementary knowledge of first-aid may save a life. What better time to learn, therefore, than during the last years at school?

5/- to Mrs. E. J. Waye, c/o 83 High St., St. Kilda, Vic.

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SURF LIFESAV

Volunteers have saved 61,000

The red and yellow flags which blow in the summer breezes on Australian beaches for seven months of the year mark the beach patrol where lifesavers are on duty every week-end.

To the thousands of people who go surfing these lifesavers give a voluntary service which is unique in the world.

AS lifesaving and its clubs developed, a special Australian type has emerged. Anywhere, any time of the year, you can see him on the beach.

In the summer his skin is much browner than in mid-winter, when it pales off.

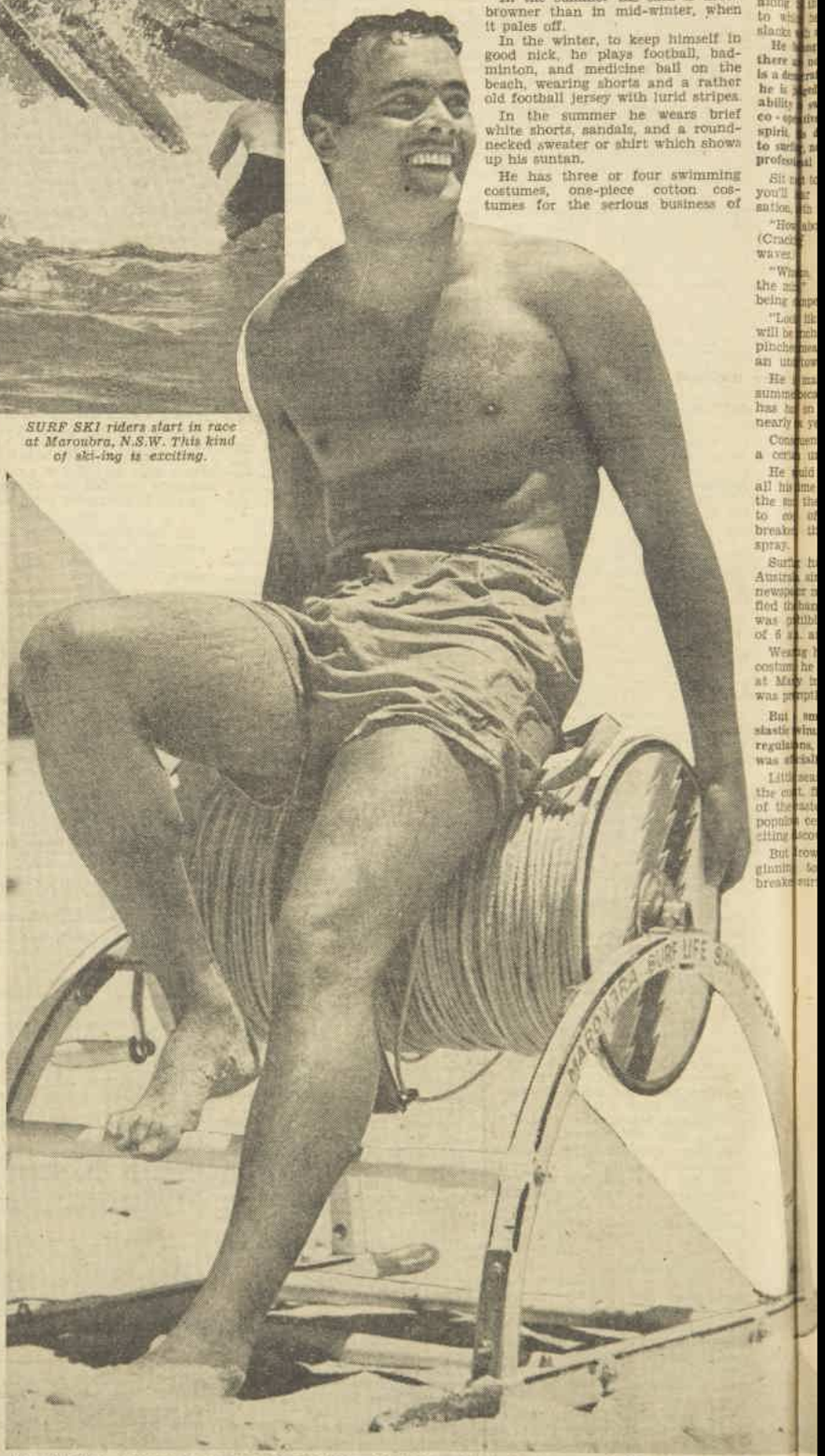
In the winter, to keep himself in good nick, he plays football, badminton, and medicine ball on the beach, wearing shorts and a rather old football jersey with lurid stripes.

In the summer he wears brief white shorts, sandals, and a round-necked sweater or shirt which shows up his suntan.

He has three or four swimming costumes, one-piece cotton costumes for the serious business of

SURF SKI riders start in race at Maroubra, N.S.W. This kind of ski-ing is exciting.

OUTDOOR SUPPER on the sun-bathing deck at Manly Surf Life Saving Club, where dances are held regularly. Clubs are centres of local social activity.



BEACH BOY. Handsome 23-year-old Eric Carruthers, champion belt-swimmer of Maroubra, Sydney, who was chosen by The Australian Women's Weekly as a typical lifesaver. He is on duty again after serving in R.A.A.F.

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ERS EARN THEIR PLACE IN THE SUN

lives since they began patrols

By BETTY NESBIT

and a pair of colored or for sitting around on talking to his girl-friend. the last five years he has been left the club as a member and is now a senior. his swimming with a earnestness.

in the local baths, never a Saturday carnival and Sun-morning club events, and his two patrols a

Saturday night he usually goes to the informal club dance he wears shorts or grey with an open-neck shirt.

belongs to a club in which social distinctions. It democratic organisation in which judged by his ty to swim, his operative club **ity, its devotion**

not by his position in the or commercial world.

he to him on the beach and a lazy slangy conver-phrases such as:

"How about cracking a few?" means shooting the

"Whoa, there goes Bill down mine!" (Down the mine means dropped by a wave.)

"Look like that mob over there be pinched any moment." (Being means being carried out by undertow.)

is making the most of this because it is the first one he in his favorite beach for years.

Consequently he goes **to work with** unwillingness.

would much prefer to spend time on the beach, lying in then rolling into the surf off, shooting the long the crests whipped into

has gone a long way in since 1900, when a Manly man, Mr. R. Goocher, de-ban on surf bathing, which between the hours and 6 p.m.

his neck-to-knee bathing plunged into the waves in the noonday sun, and arrested by the police.

small collection of enthu-swimmers kept on defying the and in 1902 surf bathing officially permitted.

seaside townships all along first those near the cities eastern coast, developed into centres because of the ex-discovery of surfing.

drowning fatalities were be-to deter cautious first-surfers, so the more experienced formed small life-saving clubs at various beaches.

They undertook the job of guarding swimmers voluntarily.

The movement grew until 1907, when the Surf Life-Saving Association of Australia was formed.

The association now numbers 6000 active members and more than 5000 associate and life members. Since it was formed 61,000 lives have been saved.

The first patrol of the morning chooses the area which their knowledge of currents and force of the waves tells them is the safest for the day. The area is marked by two flags on the beach.

Surfers are continually warned to keep within that area. When a heavy surf is running, as many as six lines may be out bringing in swimmers.

The work began voluntarily, and it has stayed that way. As a result the association is always trying to make ends meet.

The only revenue comes from annual surf carnivals and from entertainments given at the clubs.

The association considers it has a bone to pick with the public when it comes to carnivals.

It feels that they are not attended in sufficiently large numbers to make them great financial successes, and many people prefer to get a free view from overlooking headland or rocks rather than pay to go into the enclosed area.

As a result there is always a financial struggle to buy equipment. Reels, boats, and lines are expensive items, and they have to be in first-class order for the dangerous job of rescuing surfers.

A small revenue comes from membership fees, but junior members pay only 5/6 a year and, at the other end of the scale, associate members pay £2/2/-.

Each club has only one or two life members. It is the highest honor a club can bestow on a member who has worked long and loyally for his club.

During the war enlistments from the clubs were 90 per cent.

The clubs were kept going by keen juniors and older associate members.

Everywhere Australians went on active service they introduced their great Australian sport to people of the country they were in.

American servicemen who learned to surf in Australia and won life-saving awards have written out for information and help in forming clubs on American beaches.

One letter sent to the association came from an American business man, Mr. Daniel Sheridan, of Los Angeles. Mr. Sheridan, who is president of two large swimming clubs, is hoping to start clubs at nine beach resorts.

He hopes that if his plans are successful an American surf team will be chosen and competitions held between the two countries annually.

Now that clubs are back to their full strength, competition between them has more interest.

In April more than 1000 lifesavers from all States will travel to Queensland to take part in the first Australian surf championships to be held in that State.

Up till now all championship carnivals have been held in N.S.W.

Arrangements are being made for a special train to take 500 men from N.S.W., and their boats and equipment, from Sydney to Brisbane.

The men who will compete will be the winners of State titles. The carnival will be held at Southport, Brisbane's most popular surfing beach.

BOARD RIDING at Manly, N.S.W. Each club has many enthusiastic board-riders. This picture was taken by Ray Leighton, of the Manly Club, one of the Association's honorary official photographers, the rest by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

BEACH PATROL at famous Bondi Beach. Club members do an average of two patrols a month, each patrol lasting four hours. According to size of beach, number on duty ranges from 6 to 20.

BELTMAN. Jack Homer dashes into surf for a rescue. Hundreds of rescues are made every season on the beaches which line Australia's long coastline.

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Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.
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Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 4

TIM stood up and stretched. "Think about going away, darling," he said, making his voice deliberately casual. Then he smiled, and added ruefully, "And now, I'd better get back to work while I'm at all in the mood."

He came over to her and leaned down to kiss her good-bye. Then suddenly he put his arms round her and held her tight against his chest as he often did, telling her everything with his silence.

"I wish you didn't have to go back to the hospital," she murmured. "I wish we could just go on sitting together in the garden until Kingdom Come."

He bent and kissed her again quickly.

"Don't tempt me!" he warned her.

She watched him crossing the lawn toward the house, reluctant to let him go. For in the silence of loneliness her own thoughts bore down on her with depressing insistence.

A few times, as strength and balance had returned to her, she had argued with herself. But it was no use. She had read a number of Tim's books, she had a basic understanding of the uses and abuses of the human mind. She had told herself that Dr. Nestri's suave explanation was quite logical; it could have been a complex association of ideas which had brought back that music in its entirety. But she knew that it was not.

This was something beyond the mind. This was a deep psychic force which violated the profound untouched spirit of her. She was afraid as she had never before known fear; as though the threat of his violence reached out beyond life to the riches of the soul.

"The man is evil," she told herself. "There is something in him that has been so warped and twisted that it has made him evil."

Yet as surely as she knew this to be a fact, she knew that she could not explain it to Tim. She would not know how to start. She had no real evidence to prove that Paul Nestri intended to murder her. Not one word of the logic which was Tim's language.

And what would she accomplish by telling him? Did she expect to convince him that it was anything but a trick of the imagination?

Did she expect him to give up his valuable post as Nestri's assistant, leave the hospital, sell the house, move away, find a place in another hospital? What reason could he give for such a drastic course? That his wife had a premonition and that he had to humor her at the expense of his career?

It was insane! It was insane . . .

She was sensitive to that implication, because she was an artist and all her life she had heard varying degrees of that accusation directed towards artistic people. They were unconventional. They were eccentric. They were emotionally unstable. She, Lorna Baylor, was one of them. She, too, shrank from the cold dissection of an analysis which could prove nothing but that she was emotionally unstable.

There were many things about her which Tim did not know and would not understand if he did know.

There were feelings which she could not express and which, therefore, Tim could not know about her.

But they were harmless things—fleeting intense reactions to many little things like music and wood smoke and autumn rain—and they were good. How much less, then, could she explain, or be understand, a complex spectre of evil which she had created from the sheer fabric of a disturbing melody and the dark, intense face of a stranger.

Lying out here in the garden chair, it was easy for her to reason. "I must tell him. I will tell him."

Yet she knew that when the time came she would not be able to find the words.

She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. She was tired . . .

It was good to close her eyes, to feel around her the warm, scented garden, to hear the soft chirping of birds as sleepy as herself.

She slept quietly for hours without moving. It was nearly dinner-time when Margaret finally wakened her. Lorna opened her eyes, too tired to move, wondering curiously at the way in which Margaret was staring at her. Margaret looked worried. Her plain face was pinched with anxiety.

"Dr. Baylor telephoned from the hospital, ma'am. He says you're to go ahead with dinner. He don't know what time he'll be home."

"Oh!" Lorna said with disappointment. "Did he say why?"

"Yes, ma'am. He says the noses don't add up. Someone's missing."

"Missing." Lorna sat up straight. "From the hospital?"

Margaret nodded.

"One of the patients, ma'am. A woman."

"Oh, how dreadful! Nothing like that has happened before!"

"No, ma'am. When I told the doctor you were out in the garden, he says you were to come into the house."

Lorna frowned. Slowly she gathered up her sweater and an unopened book.

"I don't understand the doctor's anxiety," she said finally. "Is it a violent case?"

"To my way of thinkin', ma'am, you never can tell a thing about them," Margaret remarked. "It's time you were comin' in anyway, so don't you worry. You're doing enough of that anyway."

Lorna looked at her sharply. It was strange to realise that Margaret knew she was worried. Yet, on second thought, it was not so strange, since Margaret was with her all the time. It was Margaret who knew that she never opened the book she took with her into the garden, that she took no pleasure from her visitors nor the flowers they sent, that she was always tired, that she had eaten practically nothing for three weeks.

She missed Tim terribly to-night, dining alone in the silent dining-room. Somehow the candlelight made the room seem very lonely, the way it flickered in the warm breeze from the open window. She called Margaret in and asked her to shut the window. Margaret worked on it without result.

"It's been stuck since the last rain, ma'm," she said. "The doctor keeps sayin' he can mend it as soon as he has a moment."

Lorna went to help her, but both of them could not budge the half-open window.

"Never mind it, then," Lorna said at last. "We'll just put out the candles and turn on the big light."

This done, Margaret hesitated at the door to the kitchen, her hands clasped together in a characteristic gesture which meant that she had something on her mind. Lorna, tired of the pretence of dining, welcomed the interruption.

"What is it, Margaret?" she asked the older woman.

"Well, I . . . I just remembered it, Mrs. Baylor. I've been meaning to ask you for days and it slips my mind. If you please, ma'am, will you explain to the doctor yourself about that bunch of white carnations? He seemed a bit annoyed when I told him you had asked me to throw them out. He said that Dr. Nestri had sent them, and the other night, when he saw all the other flowers in the lower hall, he missed them."

"What do you mean . . . he missed them?" Lorna asked curiously.

"Well, the other night I took all the flowers out of your room, as I do every night, and I brought them all downstairs to cut the stems and change the water. As I finished each vase, I put it out in the hall, ready to be brought up in the morning. Well, when they came in quite late that night, all the flowers were there except his, and the doctor says he missed them."

"When who came in that night, Margaret?" Lorna insisted.

"Why, the doctor, of course . . . and Dr. Nestri."

Lorna looked down at her sweet. She picked up her spoon to make a pretence of eating, but her hands trembled so eloquently that she put the spoon down again.

"I see," she said softly. "I didn't know that Dr. Nestri had been here."

"Oh, he's here regular, ma'am. He and the doctor are working together on a book or something. And how they do work! Cooped up in the study they are, to all hours of the morning! It's none of my business, ma'am, but I thought you knew."

"No," Lorna said briefly. "The doctor didn't mention it."

"Well, with you ill and all, I suppose he didn't want to disturb you about it. But about the flowers, ma'am, I told the doctor that you asked me to get rid of them because they smelt like a funeral. He seemed a bit annoyed as though it was my own idea . . . so if you'd explain it to him yourself . . ."

"Of course, Margaret. The first thing to-morrow. I'm very sorry that there was any misunderstanding."

When Margaret had gone back to the kitchen, Lorna lit a cigarette with hands that shook uncontrollably. She sat drinking her coffee and smoking her cigarette, trying to capture in some definite form the waves of sick fear that passed over her. Dr. Nestri here in this house with Tim while she slept! Not once, but many times. Working in the study with Tim late at night. . . .

If I had known, I could not have slept, Lorna thought. Why didn't Tim tell me? Does he suspect?

Still, if it had been another doctor with whom he was working . . . Leslie Cameron or James Dennison, for instance, he would not have told her, knowing that she would have insisted upon staying up to make coffee for them.

But it was not another doctor; it was Nestri. And the thought of him, the image of his cold, controlled face, lay upon Lorna like a sickness.

He hated her. She could sense that hatred. He would kill her as soon as the moment was right. He was preparing for that moment even now. Her only hope of escape was in knowing when and how and why. She knew nothing.

She got up and went into the living-room, pacing slowly to and fro.

I must tell Tim! I must tell Tim not to bring him here . . . that he's evil . . . that he intends to murder me! I must tell him, even if I have to make up some wild story to explain it. That my father was a thief . . . that I . . .

But she knew that she could not lie convincingly. And, above all, she was torn to pieces with the knowledge that she dare not tell Tim the truth!

Please turn to page 23

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F4513

F4511

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"Marie" is made in a lovely summer rayon crepe in lovely colors of blue with black-and-white, rose with black-and-white, green with black-and-white, old-gold with black-and-white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 75/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 77/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 52/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 54/6 (13 coupons). Postage 1/6½ extra.

"Ruth," useful afternoon frock, is fashioned in a good-wearing floral material of rayon crepe. It comes ready for you to wear or to make up yourself. The lovely colors consist of salmon-pink with lighter salmon, green, turquoise, and red; cyclamen with darker cyclamen, turquoise, blue, and white; blue with lighter blue, green, red, and white.

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F4509.—Here is the frock which will undoubtedly solve your problem of what to wear at that afternoon wedding, party, or any other important date. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4510.—Captivating and exciting as a wild Hungarian Rhapsody. Full and gathered skirt, well-fitting, wide waistband, and gathered off-the-shoulder blouse complete this gay frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide for skirt, and 2yds. 36in. wide for blouse. Pattern, 1/8.

F4511.—Sweetest little swimsuit for a very young lady. Neat and well-fitting, she will have loads of fun romping round the beach. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 4 to 6 years, 6 to 8 years. Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4512.—For formal forenoon occasions this stunning frock would suit your purpose to perfection. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4513.—Now you're dressed to go dreaming. Sheer beauty is designed for you in this sweet nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide, and ½yd. lace. Pattern, 1/10.

F4509

F4510

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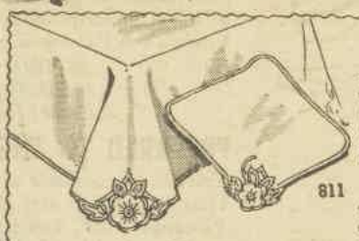

811

No. 811.—Serviceable suppercloth and mats

The design for embroidering this lovely cloth and matching mats is clearly traced on a good quality cotton in white only. Size 36 x 36in. cloth 6/11, 11 x 11in. mats 1/- each (no coupons). Postage, 8½d. extra.

812

No. 812.—Heart-shaped duchesse set

The very pretty design for making this duchesse set is clearly traced on a good quality British cotton in lovely shades of pink, blue, green, and lemon. Sizes: Large mat 12 x 12in., small mats 6 x 6in. Price 3/11. Postage, 4½d. extra.

813

No. 813.—Sturdy suit for little boy

The pattern for making this darling suit is clearly traced on a good quality British cotton in shades of blue, green, and lemon. Sizes 1 to 2 yrs., 8/6 (5 coupons); 2 to 4 yrs., 10/6 (5 coupons); 4 to 6 yrs., 11/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.

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Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 20

LORNA heard Margaret come into the dining-room to clear the table and she dropped into an armchair and turned on the reading-lamp at her elbow.

Margaret came out of the dining-room and drew the curtains. "I'll feel a lot easier when the doctor rings up to say she's found, poor creature," she told Lorna nervously.

"There's nothing to worry about here, Margaret," Lorna reassured her. "You may be sure that everything is being done. I, for one, am going to bed at nine o'clock and I'll sleep like a lamb."

Margaret compressed her lips and kept her counsel as though she realised that it was wrong to have said anything to worry Mrs. Baylor. She went back to her work and Lorna made a determined effort to read a magazine.

It seemed to her that she was conscious of every sound. She heard Margaret working in the kitchen. She heard the sound of the refrigerator and the clock in the hall and the dining-room curtains rustling before the half-open window.

After a while she realised that she had been listening to the sounds of passing cars until she could distinguish the difference between an ordinary car going past and the slow pace of the patrolling police car passing the house about every half-hour. She heard the wailing of distant train whistles and the sound of footsteps in the street. And she hadn't the faintest idea of what she was reading.

At a quarter to nine she telephoned Tim at the hospital.

"Nothing yet, darling," he told her. "You'd better lock up and get to bed. How are you feeling?"

"As good as new, Tim," she said. "But you must be exhausted. Can't I leave out something for you to eat when you get in?"

"No, you'd better not. I may not get home to-night. I'd feel much happier, though, if Margaret slept in the spare room to-night."

"Of course, if you think best."

"Good-night, my dear!"

"Good-night, Tim."

When she went out through the kitchen and rapped on Margaret's door, she heard the door unlocked from the inside, then she noticed that the two windows were bolted tight even though the night was warm. She explained that the doctor had suggested that Margaret sleep upstairs in the spare room to-night.

The housekeeper gathered up her night clothes with nervous speed.

"I'm ever so grateful, ma'am," she said fervently. "I wasn't thinkin' of tryin' to sleep to-night, away off here in this back room by myself. The doctor's full of commonsense, bless him, even if he does think I threw away the white carnations myself."

Lorna could not help laughing at her. She was garrulous with the relief of not having to sleep downstairs by herself.

By the time Lorna got her settled in the spare room she told Lorna of three burglaries and other misfortunes in the homes where she had worked.

Lorna went to bed still smiling to herself about Margaret's excitement. It was a pity about the flowers. She should have explained it to Tim herself.

Explain what, Lorna? That you could not bear to touch them, to look at them . . . that their heavy, sickening scent was like attending your own funeral service? How will you explain it to Tim?

She would not think any more about it to-night. She turned off the lamp on the bedside table and lay in the darkness deliberately trying to relax her muscles.

When she felt sleep coming, she pulled up the blanket and slept. She had been sleeping for hours when the dream came.

It seemed to Lorna that she was standing on the platform of a tube station in London. She was waiting for a train and while she was waiting she watched a woman standing a short distance away. There was something peculiar about the woman. She looked a great deal like Lorna herself, although her features were far more perfect, and her exquisite clothes were in the strange fashion of another day.

As Lorna watched, the woman turned and smiled at her, and there was something in her smile that drew Lorna with a beautiful feeling of peace and joy. She moved towards the woman, irresistibly drawn by the promise of love in her smile.

Suddenly there was a sound like thunder and a train rushed into the station.

Before Lorna could utter a cry she saw the woman hurtle from the platform directly in front of the train as though she had been pushed. She heard the woman screaming horrible, piercing screams, and she heard the words clearly, "He's killing me! He's killing me!" And she somehow knew that it was Paul Nestri whom the woman meant.

When she awoke she was half-way out of bed. She could still hear that horrible screaming, and before she had reached the door she knew that it was Margaret. She ran down the passage in the dark and into the spare room, turning on the light. In the sudden blaze of light she could see nothing but bedclothes in wild disorder.

"Margaret!" she called. "Margaret!"

The screaming stopped suddenly and Lorna saw Margaret's long black plait and her round face a vivid purple staring at her from the bed. It was a second or two before Margaret could speak, then she shouted hoarsely, "It's her! She tried to kill me! Call the doctor! Call the police!"

In a wild confusion of bedclothes, then, Lorna made out dimly a second struggling figure.

"Margaret!" she said urgently, "are you certain——"

"It's her!" Margaret's agonised voice called back. "I've got her. But I don't know how long I can hold her! Get help!"

Lorna fled downstairs, switching on lights as she went. In the study she could not hold the receiver to her ear with one hand; she needed both hands just to hold it to give the hospital number.

She was shaking so that she could scarcely stand. She sank down to the floor and leaned her head back against the desk, saying, "Dr. Baylor, please. Dr. Baylor, please," over and over again until she heard Tim's voice say, "Lorna? What is it?"

"Tim, she's here! She tried to kill Margaret!"

"I'm coming," Tim said.

The receiver clicked sharply and Lorna let the telephone drop. She got to her feet and went into the sitting-room. Half-way across the room she stopped short, arrested by a peculiar smell. It was a smell of death . . . the smell of a cold stone crypt with its clammy, shadowed silence, its faded blossoms . . . a smell . . . and a presence . . . she stood like one paralysed, afraid to turn her head.

It seemed a long time before she could force the muscles in her neck to move, then she turned her head slowly. There on the table beside her chair stood a bunch of fresh white carnations.

Lorna stood transfixed, staring as though hypnotised at the white flowers. They were the presence . . . Nestri's presence . . . every blossom breathing out the message of her death.

She heard Margaret calling from upstairs but she could not answer. Not until Margaret's voice grew frantic did she call, "I'm coming, Margaret."

Then she climbed the stairs slowly, in a daze of fear.

Upstairs in the spare room she saw the woman for the first time. Margaret had tied her securely with sheets and was watching her closely.

Lorna stood in the doorway staring at her, and the woman stared back with unflinching eyes. She was a stout, middle-aged woman with indeterminate features; one met her counterpart every day. The only unusual feature about her was her eyes; they were vacant, untenanted, as though the person who had lived in them was gone.

She stared at Lorna for a long time, then suddenly she began to scream. "I hate you! I've hated you since the day you were born! I never wanted you! You're a liar and a thief!"

Lorna looked toward Margaret uncertainly.

"She thinks you're her daughter," Margaret said. She was sitting on the edge of the bed rubbing her throat. "She thinks everyone is her daughter. Even me. That's why she tried to strangle me."

"Are you hurt, Margaret?" Lorna asked her anxiously.

"I'm not in the prime, I'll tell you that!" Margaret lifted her head and Lorna saw the red marks on her throat. "But I'm alive."

"The doctor will be here in a moment," Lorna assured her. She looked at the woman again. "How did you get in here?" she asked quietly.

The woman was silent, watching Lorna vacantly. Lorna repeated her question. The woman looked past Lorna, over her shoulder, and Lorna turned with a cry of fear. The passage behind her was empty.

For a second she thought she heard a sound downstairs and she called hopefully, "Tim!" There was no answer. Margaret was looking at her strangely. Lorna passed a hand across her eyes.

"Why doesn't he bring help?" she murmured.

Just then they heard a car stopping outside the house. Margaret got up and put on her dressing-gown and slippers. She brought Lorna's housecoat and helped her on with it.

Lorna heard Tim's voice in the hall, frantic with worry, and she called out, "Up in the spare room, Tim! We're all right!"

She knew that people were crowding into the room, but she was aware only of Tim. He was here and they were safe. What else mattered?

Leslie Cameron said something to her, but she could not understand what he was asking, and Tim said, "Not now, Leslie. She's upset. It can wait."

In a few moments they were gone, taking the woman with them.

Tim examined Margaret's throat, pronounced it unharmed.

"You've had a shock," he told her. "What you need is a little brandy and a good night's sleep."

"I've finished sleeping in this bed, I tell you," Margaret announced. "I'd have been better off if I'd been sleeping downstairs in my own room."

As soon as the words were out, Margaret looked at Lorna quickly, obviously struck by the thought that if she had been sleeping in her own bed Lorna would have been alone upstairs. Lorna shook her head slightly. She did not want to talk to Tim about it yet.

She saw Margaret safely into bed in her room downstairs. When she had finished she found Tim standing by the open dining-room window.

"How does this happen to be open?" he asked.

Lorna stared at it. It was the same window that she and Margaret had tried to close earlier in the evening; and they had not been able to budge it up or down. Now it was wide open!

"I can't imagine how she got it open," she said. "The only reason it wasn't fastened was because it was stuck open about three inches and Margaret and I together couldn't close it. We tried several times."

After a moment she said hesitantly, "Tim, I want to show you something else. Will you come into the sitting-room?"

She went into the sitting-room, wondering how to start the long explanation of all her fears with that bunch of white carnations. At the entrance to the room she stopped. The table beside her chair was empty! The flowers were gone!

"What is it?" Tim asked.

She stood there, breathless, unable to answer. For a moment she wondered if those carnations had been an hallucination. But she knew that was not really so.

"I . . ." She could not continue. She did not dare. She knew that she must tell Tim about Dr. Nestri now, yet she could not begin with a wild story of a bunch of carnations which had been here half an hour ago and now had disappeared.

Please turn to page 25

"But didn't the atom bomb make you obsolete?"

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Who says hand embroidery is hard to wash? asks Aunt Jenny

MRS. BUCKLEY of 522 Seaview Road, Henley Beach, South Australia, says it's as easy as winking when gentle Velvet Soap is on the job.

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Murder in Old Manhattan

AMONG Jenny's other possessions, Church found a small mother-of-pearl box, a picture worked in peacock's feathers, five bottles of French perfume, a packet of China tea. On several of the articles was an embossed gilt seal which read: "South Seas House. New York."

There was, in addition to these, a small sheaf of letters addressed to Mrs. Evan Thomas, in Bloomingdale. They were all from a Captain Evan Thomas, aboard the brig Philadelphia, at sea. In a bottom drawer, under some clothing, he found a fold of currency. He counted it; he counted it again. It amounted to two hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

Tom Church put the letters, the money, and the trinkets in a pillow-slip. He made a last tour of the room.

"Whenever you're ready, Doctor," he said finally.

Dr. Lucas was wrapping the girl's body in a blanket. "Call a hack," he said.

They laid the bundle across the floor of the hackney-cab and started uptown.

"Funny about the tea," Church said, after a moment.

"What tea?"

"There was a package of China tea on the table. Now, where would a girl like Jenny Thomas——"

The district surgeon stared at him.

"Deliver me!" he said sardonically, and turned his face toward the window.

After that, Church stared out his own window and kept his own thoughts. Even a police surgeon like Lucas was inclined to sniff at scientific crime-detection. People forgot that this was 1857, that the whole nation was in an upsurge of science.

When it came to law-enforcement they were still back in the old days of watch-and-ward. If the thief was not caught with his hand in the till, the tendency was to forget about it.

But Tom Church knew that if you assembled enough molehills you had a mountain. What about the tea and the mother-of-pearl box, for instance? What about the two hundred and thirty-seven dollars?

Of course, he recalled, there was her husband, and yet none of the letters had mentioned enclosing any money. They were all stilted and self-conscious, the letters of a sea-captain who had no thought beyond the caprices of the weather and of his ship, and who signed himself, "your hush., Evan Thomas."

Well, this was a starting point. In the drizzle Church left Sixth Ward Station. A clerk in the harbor-master's office opened the arrivals ledger for him. His finger stopped at the top of the third last page.

"'Brig Philadelphia, May 7,'" he read. "'Master, Evan Thomas,' but I wouldn't wait dinner on him," he added with a grin. "She's flying the yellow flag, suspected of cholera. The last ship in from San Juan was rotten with it."

"You mean," Church said, "that no one has been ashore?"

"And won't be for forty days!"

Church thanked him and left.

He took a ferry, and got off at the wharf from which he could see the Philadelphia standing offshore, sea-worn and wet, a yellow quarantine flag hanging from a forestay.

A grizzled lobsterman agreed to row the detective to within speaking distance for a dollar. In a snub-nosed dory they thrust across the grey water of the bay. They approached another rowing-boat in their path whose owner was casting for junk. He let them pass, and then the dragnet splashed again just astern of them.

The lobsterman rested on his oars. "Far as we go, mate."

It was the distance of a long shout, but Church cupped his hands and succeeded in bringing to the rail a square-set figure in black jacket and trousers.

Continued from page 5

"Sergeant Church, Metropolitan Police," he announced. "Would you be good enough to call the captain?"

"You're talking to him," the other man shouted. "But if you're from the police, I'll only talk to you when this flag comes down!"

Church thought, for a sea-captain, he talks like a fool. But he said patiently: "You must understand, Captain, that the quarantine laws are for the good of the city."

The master leaned on the rail.

"For the good of someone, yes," he agreed, "and I could tell you who. But there's no more cholera aboard this brig than there is in your back yard. We haven't been within two hundred miles of San Juan!"

Church felt a slight quickening of his pulse. To the lobsterman, he said: "Another dollar if you'll row me closer."

The lobsterman pocketed the money. He brought the dory alongside.

"Perhaps," Church said, looking up at the master, "we can make a trade. If your log bears you out, I'll see what's to be done toward putting you ashore. But in return I want a plain answer to a plain question."

Thomas stared down at him. "That's a fair bargain." He disappeared. The junkman, drifting close, made a great clatter by pulling in a rusty contraption resembling an old ship's-lantern.

Then the captain came back to lower, by a line, a fat volume which Church laid on the thwart.

"Now, then," he said, "why would anyone want to keep you from going ashore?"

"A little matter of supply and demand," returned the other. "If you're a cigar man, you'll know that New York hasn't a cigar worth setting fire to. I had the news in Havana, so I loaded up with all the good tobacco I could buy. But a certain gentleman has cornered what decent smoking is left in the city, and he can't afford to let me unload until he's made his profit."

The master shrugged expressively. "So it's cheaper for him to cross the proper palms with silver. For your information, his name's Hawes, of South Seas House."

"Is this guesswork?"

"No, sir! I had it in a letter from my wife. His warehouse is supposed to be full of Havanas that he's selling as dear as diamonds."

Tom Church asked carefully: "Your wife lives in the city?"

Thomas nodded. "In Bloomingdale, up-island."

"If it's as you say," Church declared, "I'll speak to the Health Commission. And now, maybe you'll tell me this: How long were you ashore this morning?"

Captain Thomas did not stir. "I've been telling you I haven't been ashore since I left Cuba."

"Then how was it that a man answering to your description was asking for a Mrs. Thomas in Ludlow Street?"

Thomas began to look grave. "There's something wrong here," he said.

It put Church in an awkward position, but he said what he had to.

"I'm sorry if I'm the first to bring you this news, Captain; but there is indeed something wrong. Your wife has been murdered. From the landlady's testimony, it seems that you might have visited her about the time she died."

Thomas' hand passed over his face. He said falteringly: "This is—I don't quite understand, sir——"

Church repeated it.

THOMAS was still staring down at the dory, but he wasn't seeing him. "Will you do what you can," he asked, "about clearing my ship? I'll talk to you later. I—I don't think I can— You understand?" He vanished from the rail.

When they pulled away, the junkman was standing in the stern of his boat, trying to raise the dragnet.

It was dusk when Tom Church reached Manhattan again. He felt sorry for the captain. But unless Jenny Thomas had had other sailor friends, he had been lying about not having been ashore.

There was time for one more small excursion to-night. In about an hour the shops of Manhattan would release their army of clerks and shopgirls. He might, before then, sift the place Jenny Thomas had worked, for a lead or two.

He found the Gotham Hat Works in an old frame building near South Street.

Mrs. Emma Flynn, a big bony woman who operated the shop, was treadling a sewing-machine when the bell over the door tinkled. Two girls sat at tables stitching breakfast-caps, and on the tilted shelves along the left wall was displayed a variety of millinery.

Tom Church introduced himself. He said: "I suppose the unfortunate news—"

Mrs. Flynn said: "Yes." She continued to hold a ruffle of ribbon under the foot of the machine. "What do you want?"

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Flowers from a Stranger

LORNA sat down abruptly. She was hanging on to every shred of her control, knowing that she must not go to pieces now.

"Tim, will you pour me out a brandy, too, please?" she said, tremblingly.

He looked at her with a swift, piercing glance. "Certainly. And then, I think you need sleep."

"No! No. I must talk to you, Tim. I know you're tired. But this is something that won't wait."

"Not even until morning? We're both tired."

She shook her head. Tim poured out two brandies, handed one to her and settled down in a deep armchair with the other.

"Let's have it," he said.

"It's . . . It's about that woman, Tim. She came here to kill me!"

He paused in the midst of lighting a cigarette, holding the burning match suspended in mid-air. He looked at Lorna as though he could not believe what he had heard.

"Furthermore, she did not come here by herself. She was brought here. Someone brought her here to kill me."

Tim finished lighting his cigarette and dropped the match into an ash-tray, slowly, absently. "Why?" He asked the one question Lorna dreaded, the one question she could not answer.

"I . . . I'm not sure," she hedged. After a moment of silence she continued, "Tim, I hadn't intended to tell you about it at all . . . but now I'm really frightened I must try to make you understand."

He caught the note of desperation

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in her tone and he knew that she meant what she said.

"All right, darling," he said with soft agreement. "Someone brought that patient here to-night to murder you. Do you know who it is?"

"Yes. It's Dr. Nestri."

"Dr. Nestri!" Tim said incredulously. "Lorna, do you realise what you're saying?"

"Of course I do!" Her voice was sharp. "Does your question imply that I'm not quite sane?"

His eyes studied her intently. "You seem over-sensitive to that implication," he said.

"I always have been," she admitted. "That's why I didn't tell you this before. I've known it for some time . . . In fact, ever since the first night I met Dr. Nestri, I don't know how to explain it to you, Tim. But I know that he intends to kill me."

"I see. Well, suppose you start with that night and let's hear the whole story."

Hesitantly Lorna told him about the night at the Camerons' when they had first met Dr. Nestri, how she had heard the musical theme before she got up to play it, about the vision which the music had woven in her mind, the terrible awareness of evil and the sudden inexplicable knowledge that Dr. Nestri was going to kill her.

She told him how the music had come to her again when Dr. Nestri came to tea that Sunday and how, having convinced herself that the idea was nonsense before then, she had known that afternoon that she was right, that he was going to attempt to kill her.

Tim interrupted only once. "You're sure, Lorna, that you received this impression before you fainted that afternoon?"

"I'm absolutely sure, Tim. This has nothing to do with the concussion. You must believe that!"

"I'd like to, darling. But the whole story is unbelievable! You must see that!"

Lorna nodded slowly. She knew that she must not expect Tim to accept the story as she told it. His trained psychiatrist's mind would be working on other explanations. But she went on as best she could.

She told him about the hours she had spent trying to convince herself again that it was all imagination. She told him why she had thrown away the first white carnations, because they smelt of a funeral, and how fearfully shocked she had been to find out that, unknown to her, Nestri had been coming home with Tim to work late at night. She told him about to-night's dream.

The only thing she omitted was the second bunch of carnations. She faltered in the face of his obvious disbelief. She talked instead about the open window.

"Ask Margaret about that," she suggested. "I don't believe that that woman opened it by herself, so quietly that she never woke us. It isn't physically possible!"

Tim got up from his chair to refill his glass. He stood for a moment staring into nothing, and at last he gave a short chuckle.

"You tell a good story, Lorna!" he said amusedly.

To be continued

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

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Murder in Old Manhattan

Continued from page 25

CHURCH did not answer. He walked past the bonnets on the shelves. He picked one up and abstractedly inspected it. "What was Jenny's work, Mrs. Flynn?"

"Capmaker."

"Did you know any of her friends? The men she knew?"

Mrs. Flynn hesitated: "Well—I dare say she had a many, but they came and went. Right now it's Harry Burritt, from Mr. Hawes' There'll be a long face for you!"

Church put the bonnet down again. "Hawes—would that be Hawes, of South Seas House?"

Mrs. Flynn selected a spool of green ribbon, and threaded a needle. "He's the only Hawes I know, and he's enough! He charges for his silk as though the Emperor's own silkworms had spun it!"

"I don't suppose," Church said, "that you would have known Jenny's husband."

The way the girls at their tables looked up told Church he had cracked a nut with meat in it.

"In a way," Emma Flynn said. "He's a ship-captain. He was in this morning looking for Jenny. I think," she added, "that he left a paper of some kind."

She found it under a pile of scraps, a wrinkled envelope addressed to Captain Thomas, with a return address in Bloomingdale.

"Seems as though he couldn't find her at the old address," she said. "She was still using it for mail, though, and picking letters up there. It's almost like she was hiding from him! I gave him the new address, and he copied it down, and forgot this when he left."

Church kept the envelope. He turned, as the bell over the door tinkled. A man in a brown wool suit and a heavy jacket came in. He carried a gunnysack over his shoulder.

Looking at him, remembering him, Church knew he had his hand in a tangle of threads like a spider-web, for the man in the door was the scavenger who had been casting his net beside the brig two hours ago, while Church talked to Captain Thomas.

"Well, Flynn!" Mrs. Flynn said, "has it taken you all day to bring home such a handful as that?"

Flynn grunted, passed her, and opened a door in the rear to throw the sack through.

"This gentleman," Emma Flynn told him, "is a detective, come about Jenny."

"What about Jenny?" Flynn's face did not admit that he had ever seen Tom Church before.

"Murdered!" Mrs. Flynn said.

Flynn slowly sat up. "Murdered! Jenny?"

"A terrible thing," said Mrs. Flynn, but her eyes were wickedly bright. "She was such a pretty little chit. We shall miss her, shan't we?"

There was one thing about women, thought Church: Their emotions tricked them into saying things they would not have put into writing. He had a whole history, now, of jealousy and suspicion, of kisses stolen behind doors, or merely imagined by a woman who was not young and not pretty any more.

Just then the front door opened again, and a young man in a claw-hammer coat, with an unbrushed silk hat, poked his head in to say: "Pardon, ma'am. Mr. Hawes says, will there be any hats to-night?"

Mrs. Flynn's cheeks burned, but she kept the treadle rocking. She said: "No. Not to-night."

"But he said you promised——"

"Tell him I'm sorry! This thing of Jenny put me behind. And then there are the police to entertain—detectives, and all."

"Detectives—" The young man's eyes found Church. "Yes, I suppose there would be. Well, good evening, Mrs. Flynn. I'll tell Mr. Hawes."

He closed the door briskly, and his tall form passed the shop-window.

Mrs. Flynn remarked dryly: "That was Burritt, Jenny's young man."

"So I judged," Church said. Presently he, too, started towards the door. "I'm sorry to have troubled you," he told Mrs. Flynn. "But I have to bother a lot of wrong people to find the right." Then he picked up one of the bonnets from the display-shelf.

"Forgive my masculine ignorance, ma'am. All I truly know of millinery is what Mrs. Church's bonnets cost me. But I wasn't aware that mull had been used for several years."

"When you're as busy as we are," snapped Mrs. Flynn, "you can't always keep your display shelves up to the minute."

"Of course!" Church said good-night, nodded to Mr. Flynn, and went out. He was smiling to himself as he started home. Yes, ma'am, he thought, you doubtless keep very busy indeed. But I suspect it isn't with hats!

First thing next morning he visited South Seas House, the Hawes establishment. Clerks were already busy, their fingers scuttling over accounts and copybooks. Behind a railing a little army of women was packaging and labelling merchandise. Farther back was a walled-off corner.

Church was not surprised to see, working just outside the door of this cubicle, the young man in the claw-hammer coat who had come to Flynn's about the bonnets for Mr. Hawes. But he passed by him to knock at the door.

Mr. Hawes was a stout man who left his desk to greet the visitor, putting much of his weight on a stout snakewood cane. When Church mentioned Captain Thomas he slapped his thigh and went into wheezy laughter.

"Ah, poor old Thomas!" he chuckled. "Yes, I might have had something to do with the cholera story. But it's quite all right now. I have sold my stock well. You may release him, with my best wishes!"

He balanced his cane against the desk as he sat down. Church saw it falling, and reached forward to catch it. He said, holding it an instant: "Of course, you realise that charges can be pressed—"

Behind the merry little eyes was shrewdness. "I don't believe Captain Thomas will make any trouble. You see, there is the matter of a ton of sugar he sold me one time which was so weevilly I had to let it go to a candy-maker, at a loss . . . We're old friends, Thomas and I."

He reached to open a cabinet on the desk and offer cigars. "Take several, detective. You won't find these on the market, I'll vow."

Church brazenly took six. He lighted one, then said: "Oh, yes—I thought these might mean something to you—" He began to take a number of articles out of his pocket.

Hawes picked up the packet of China tea. "Where did you get these?"

"In the room of Jenny Thomas, who was murdered yesterday."

Hawes grunted. "I heard about Jenny. A shame. Such a pretty girl. You know," he said, "it's very curious about these. Generally, a retailer would have substituted his stamp for mine, or at least have added his. We never sell tea, by the way, in amounts this small. Someone packaged this from the bulk, and closed it with my seal. I am wondering if one of my clerks hasn't been making her gifts, at my expense."

Through the open door, Church watched Burritt's neck redden. "It seems possible," he remarked. "Did you know the girl?"

"She used to bring an order, occasionally, from Flynn's hat-shop."

"But you don't deal in hats yourself?"

Hawes looked at him steadily. "I have. There's no profit in them. I don't handle them at present."

Church stood. "I think that's all, then. No, don't get up," he said. "I may visit you again, sir. Good-day."

He stopped at Burritt's desk and appropriated a sheet of foolscap. He dipped a steel pen and wrote slantwise across the page: "The Hen and Chickens, at twelve." He said, "Thank you," and departed, leaving the foolscap on the desk.

THE Hen and Chickens was a chop-house in lower Harlem, where a man with Church's appetite could lunch well for thirteen cents, beer included. Burritt, looking furtive, arrived a little after the hour, and took the other seat in the booth.

"I don't understand this at all, sir," he declared.

Church picked up his cutlet. "Shall we be hanged for a thief or a murderer?" he asked.

Burritt gripped the edge of the table. "Sir, I would appreciate——"

Church laid down his cutlet and wiped his fingers. "My reasoning is somewhat in this direction," he said. "That, according to Mrs. Flynn's testimony, you were Jenny Thomas' current lover. That many of the more valuable objects in her room came from South Seas House. It is my guess that you stole them."

Burritt's eyes closed. His narrow chest took a shallow breath.

"A thief, yes," he said. "But not a murderer. Believe me!"

"Is there," Church asked him, "such a difference? A man steals to please a girl. He trades his honesty and peace of mind for her kisses. And then he finds she is already married, that he had played the fawning poodle for nothing, and for a moment the poodle becomes a mastiff, biting, snarling, killing——"

Burritt hesitated a moment and then declared fervently: "I'll tell you all I know about her. I was in love with Jenny, yes. I met her at Mr. Hawes' about six months ago. She loved to get presents, and I—I got to stealing. If I didn't bring something one week she would pout. She'd talk about the other men who wanted to marry her."

"She had others?"

"I used to see Flynn walking her home when she had worked late. Maybe it didn't mean anything; she said it didn't. But I've caught her in lies before. The last time I saw her was the night before she was killed. I'd walked her home, but she wouldn't let me come in. Tired, she said. And then the next day I heard about it."

Please turn to page 27

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You'll never miss THREEPENCE

By . . . EVELYN FRANCES

"No consolation to recover a knitting needle and a 2/- piece."

OH, won't you? This prevailing craze for saving threepenny bits is a crippling financial experience

It's the kind of fool idea that takes on worse than ever in January, a month notorious for its dreary procession of bills and atmosphere of impending bankruptcy.

You fall into this self-set trap of poverty on the theory that the "odd threepences you collect will never be missed, and they do mount up."

They mount up all right. But once start dropping the small silver coins into gin bottle, beer bottle, or milk bottle (all tastes catered for), you become a lunch-hour and tea-time bankrupt, with no hope of squandering 10d. on cigarettes or 2½d. on a stamp, except in extreme urgency.

A gin bottle is the favorite bank, though it may seem to the beginner vulgarly large. It is said to hold £40 when full to the neck.

Miraculously as threepences collect when you change 6d. for twopenny tram fares, and vital as are these financial blows, £40 is a lot of trey-bits.

As a collector of three months' standing (£4/3/9, and I've missed every penny), I recommend a half-pint milk bottle as the ideal home container for saving the beastly little coins.

A young friend of mine in the small income group who hoards threepences in a milk bottle measures his savings with a ruler.

An inch represents (to him) a new pair of shoes. He counts his collection every Sunday after lunch, and can tell to the exact spot on the bottle when the contents will mean a new suit.

He, of course, is not the true collector, because he saves with an object.

The true addict has no fixed plan for spending the collection, and becomes after a while disinclined to part with it.

It is partly this fondness for the bottle of silver that causes her to shun the moment of banking—partly the stir among the onlookers when the contents are passed over the counter, and the disapproving tongue-clicking from the teller's cage.

The crafty threepence-saver will stop at nothing once the habit becomes deeply fixed.

If she can still afford afternoon coffee or lunch, she gathers up the small change of her friends, and says grandly, "I want to cash a note."

This usually results in a couple of pieces for the bottle.

When shopping, she buys some small and perhaps unnecessary item to raise the chances of 3d. in the change. The results are drastic. It's nearly always a double penalty.

Until I started saving threepences I had no idea there could be so many in circulation. Sometimes I gloomily think I must be magnetised to attract them.

A money-box is not recommended for saving them. You can't see through the wall of a money-box. Therefore you haven't the incentive of watching the pile mount.

Nor is it such a good talking point.

While you may not be able to dine out on a bottle of threepences, you can use one with reviving effect at any home entertainment.

It is as handy a conversation-saver as a new pair of nylons. Men like to estimate the contents. Women are reminded of their grandmother's similar habits—for there is nothing new under the sun, though a lidless teapot was the popular receptacle in earlier days.

If the visitors are really interested you can quell their shrill exclamations of amazement by allowing them to count for themselves.

This friendly act never fails to please.

It's an entertainment in itself and takes a long time.

But don't let the counting be done on the couch because the slippery little coins slither down the back, never to be retrieved.

One friend of mine who saves hers in a jam jar with a screw top crudely slashed with a tin opener lost 1/6 down the back of the couch this way. It might even have been 1/9. You never can be sure with threepences.

It was no consolation that after she broke finger-nails and bruised the backs of her hands in digging deeply behind the upholstery she recovered a knitting needle, a 2/- piece, and her cigarette-lighter, which had been missing for six months.

Once the amount runs into pounds you lose interest in frequent counting. A wild optimism replaces the desire to sort the maddening little things into piles of four and groups of twenty. Instead, you begin to think—if it was £4/3/9 last week it must be pretty nearly £5 by now.

At this stage it is better to make a clean break and hand the job lot over to a qualified bank clerk with a gay smile that disarms him and prevents his justifiable complaints.

You can say the first two or three times this happens that you have realised how unfair it is to hoard coinage.

Better still, if you are the strong-minded type who doesn't quail at starting all over again, you can do what I had to do and use the collection to lay the bogy of the telephone bill.

Murder in Old Manhattan

Continued from page 26

SLOWLY, Church drank his beer. "Did it ever strike you as strange," he asked, "that Mr. Hawes should handle ladies' bonnets?"

Burritt shrugged. "We handle almost anything."

Church signified, by pushing away his plate, that the dinner and the questioning were over.

"Just remember," he said, "that I shall regard it as eminently suspicious if you change lodgings or leave the city. If you try to run away, I'll have you in gaol within an hour."

Burritt was too emotionally wrung out to do more than swallow. "All right," he said. "All right."

Tom Church was on the wharf when the brig Philadelphia was brought into the dock. As soon as the plank was run out, he boarded her to find Captain Thomas putting a gang to work in the holds.

"You and the crew," said Church, "are at liberty to go ashore when you like. You can pay the men off to-day." Then he added with a sidewise smile. "Any sugar this trip, Captain?"

Thomas chuckled. "Ay, he told you that, did he? Well, he was of age; and in this business a merchant wants a sharp eye in his head."

The detective nodded. "Well, good luck, Captain. Oh, yes—there was this, that you left at Mrs. Flynn's. You might want to keep it."

Captain Thomas was still staring at the wrinkled envelope when Church went down the gangplank.

The detective did not leave the harbor district until he saw the crew of the Philadelphia swing down from it. Then he began to wander the dusk-softened streets.

By midnight Harlem had gone to bed. But in South Seas House someone still worked, the small light of a lamp just touching the windows. Church stood in a doorway across the street.

Presently the church clock sounded two. It was not long after this that a solitary dray came up the street, stopping before South Seas House. A man alighted and went to open the warehouse gate.

Church watched the dray move into the dark interior, and then quickly walked to the business entrance of the building and rapped. Through a window he could see Mr. Hawes leave his office and limp to the front. Then he saw the big revolving pistol in his hand. Hawes was taking no chances this time of night.

The door opened a crack. Hawes squinted out.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Detective Church. Do you realise you are being robbed?"

Hawes gasped: "What?"

"I've been watching your warehouse for two hours. Just now a dray pulled in to it. What's the matter with your watchman?"

"We'll soon see!" Hawes admitted Church and started off down the room, stopping to secure the lamp. Church had taken a club from under his coat. They descended a short flight of stairs, followed a long gloomy hallway, and came to a turn, beyond which light gleamed under the crack of a door.

Hawes snuffed out the lamp, grunting as he stooped to place it on the floor.

An instant later, the door flew open, giving Church a view of a big cluttered storeroom. The dray was halted directly in front of the door. At the tail-gate, Flynn and his wife were handling a load of battered wicker boxes.

Hawes had his pistol in his hand. He was going through the door as fast as a lame man could move, crying out: "You thieves! I'll teach you to come robbing and pilfering!"

Flynn stood befuddled in the back of the dray. Mrs. Flynn's hands were upraised to receive a crate. Church had not expected quite so much speed from a fat man. He had to step out, the club swinging, to reach Hawes before the gun went off. Even so, the pistol filled the whole room with its thunder just as he cracked down on Hawes' forearm. The bullet struck the stone floor and went wailing off to finish against a wall.

Flynn jumped down from the dray. Church reached the door an instant ahead of him. He stood with his back to it. Flynn's hand went to his belt, and a knife came out. When his arm went back, Church knew he was going to have to go back to his Fourth Ward tactics.

He came into range, measuring the force of the club-swing he directed at Flynn. It was just right.

Flynn took a step forward, reached out as though to grapple him, and collapsed.

Mrs. Flynn, terrified, started for the door; and with fine sagacity Church stepped aside. When he turned back, Hawes was on his knees, groping for the gun, but Tom Church hurried to recover it from under the dray and tuck it in his belt. Hawes pulled himself up.

"Why did you stop me?" he demanded. "If a few of these sneak-thieves were killed, we might have fewer robberies. A man scrimps and saves, and then——"

"And then," said Church, "a little chit like Jenny Thomas comes along and threatens to expose him for buying stolen goods. I don't wonder she ended as she did!"

Hawes' face became less hysterical. His lips pressed together. "Do I understand, sir——"

"Sit down, Mr. Hawes," Church said. "That leg must bother you considerably. A pair of scissors makes an ugly wound."

"This is beyond me!" Hawes declared. "My leg—it's something chronic. Are you implying that I—that Jenny——"

"I'm implying," Church said, "that you killed her, Mr. Hawes. That she knew the Flynns sold only enough hats to keep the police from knowing that their real business was harbor piracy. They stole from the ships and sold the cream to you. Jenny didn't come here with orders. She came to ask for money to keep her from going to the police.

"That last night, when you went to her room, she realised that what you had brought this time was really a noose, rather than money. But the best she could do was to stab you in the leg with the scissors. And then you went out, letting the landlady think you were a doctor."

Hawes desperately held his eyes. He said: "I've bought from the Flynns, yes. To-night it was Captain Thomas' tobacco. But I didn't kill the girl! Perhaps Flynn, or even his wife. I suppose you knew Flynn and Jenny were lovers?"

"I assumed. I didn't know. Just as I assumed that because of your limp you were the one whose blood was on the scissors in Jenny's room. I added to this the fact that you were clumsy with your cane, even dropping it once. And then your boot— A chronically lame man, one who walks with his foot splayed out as you do, doesn't wear his boots evenly. Yours should be badly worn on the outside; but it is worn as evenly as mine."

For a moment Hawes was silent, and then he began to nod. "I see. I see."

He was perspiring, but the tension had gone out of him. He said: "I—I'm sorry about Jenny, detective. But after it was started, I knew how it must end. She never intended to protect me. She meant to have all she could out of me before she told the police. It's the old story: When it comes to business, a woman seldom behaves like a gentleman."

From one of the wicker baskets Flynn had left he drew out a packet and broke it open to disclose cigars, and offered them to Church. Church bit the end off one and lighted it. It was as sweet as hickory; it was smooth and rich.

"Mr. Hawes," he said, "you may be a poor judge of blackmailers, but you never go wrong on a cigar." But just the same, remembering Jenny Thomas, Tom Church did not dally long about producing the manacles.

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RON RANDELL and his Hollywood leading lady, lovely Anita Louise, meet at Columbia studios to discuss their roles in "Bulldog Drummond at Bay." In the past, Bulldog Drummond has been portrayed in films by Ronald Colman, John Barrymore, Ray Milland, John Howard, and John Lodge.

AUSTRALIAN ADMIRERS will note with interest the addition to Ron Randell's face. In this picture Ron is having a quick look at negatives which show him in the Bulldog Drummond role. That extra broad-shouldered sports coat he is wearing also looks like another American acquisition, as it is typical of the latest fashion for men in U.S.A.

Ron Randell's good start in Hollywood

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Ron Randell has grown a small moustache for his first Hollywood film, and he looks surprisingly like Ronald Colman in his younger days.

On the set at Columbia about fifty people crowded behind the cameras to see Ron when he began work on "Bulldog Drummond at Bay."

I WAS one of them, and I saw Ron arrive, looking perfectly at ease as he walked on to the set wearing the trench coat and felt hat with turned-down brim which have come to be associated with the character of the famous English detective created long ago by the writer "Sapper."

As Ron passed me, he gave me a quick wink and a smile and then hurried into his position at a table with English actors Pat O'Moore and young Terry Kilburn.

The scene took place in a country inn. Ron, as Bulldog Drummond, was hatching a plot with his cronies on the best way in which to catch a gang of jewel thieves who had kidnapped a Scotland Yard man.

The set looked quite colorful, with its typical barmaid drawing ale at the counter, some customers playing darts, and rows of fancy beer mugs decorating the background.

Before the work began I saw Columbia's star Larry Parks hurry in and wish Ron good luck, and over Larry's shoulder I saw Ron's leading lady, Anita Louise.

She had come to have her costume approved by the director, but she was not working until the afternoon.

When the first scene was shot, there was time for me to have a talk to Ron.

"I'm just fascinated with Hollywood film-making, and am very keen to learn the technical side as well as the artistic angles of the job," he said.

"One thing I discovered this morning really surprised me," he went on.

"When the scene is actually ready to be photographed, the head cameraman doesn't do the work. His assistant photographs it.

"The head cameraman makes all the decisions about lighting, the actors, and the set. He determines the angles of the shot, and looks through the cameras to see that everything is just as he wants it. In Australia the head cameraman did all the work himself."

Ron introduced me to two young men—Lou Appleton and "Bud" Small—who are the producers of his film. I was surprised at their youth.

Both are under thirty, and I wondered where they had got their experience. That is quite a story.

"'Bud' and Lou were making films for the U.S. Army during the war. They were assigned to the Pacific area and spent quite a long while in Australia, where they developed their Army films at Cinesound studios, in Sydney," said Ron.

Lou Appleton took over the story then.

"That was where we first saw Ron," he said.

"He was just starting 'Smithy,' and we saw some of the scenes being shot. 'Bud' and I both decided it wouldn't be long before Hollywood discovered Ron Randell. At that time, of course, we had no idea that he would be working for us, but then we had no idea that the war would soon be over and we would be back in Hollywood ourselves.

"When we got back to the picture business and became co-producers of 'Bulldog Drummond,' we had to find an actor for the leading role.

"We wanted a new film face and someone with a British way of speaking. Mr. Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia, let us see 'Smithy' in the projection-room, and after a few minutes we knew we'd found our man.

"Mr. Cohn is lending Ron to us for this film, and we hope for several more Drummond stories. We in turn are releasing the film through Columbia."

When he is not actually working, Ron is settling down to his life as a Hollywood actor like a veteran performer.

He lives quietly at the Hollywood Athletic Club, and says he is much too tired after the day's work to go night-clubbing.

His one extravagance has been the purchase of a lovely Lincoln car, which he hopes to drive to the beach and the mountains on week-end trips.

Ron has made a most favorable impression at Columbia, where stars, producers, and technicians have been struck by his friendly, unaffected manner, his willingness to learn their ways, and the manner in which he answers their questions about Australia.

Sidney Salkow, his director, paid Ron this tribute:

"Young Randell is a thoroughly professional actor. He knows his business from the ground up, and needs only a suggestion from me to understand completely what the scene demands.

"He is naturally a hard worker as well as an imaginative, sensitive artist. You can quote me as saying that I think we have found a new star for our Hollywood firmament."

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ MY PAL TRIGGER

TOP favorites film cowboy Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger get streamlined modern settings these days, and Republic is giving them bigger and brighter stories. This is one of them, and the inimitable Roy and Trigger will win lots more fans.

In the story, Trigger is the offspring of Roy's prize mare and the country's best Palomino, owned by Gabby Hayes. Villainy on the part of Jack Holt results in the shooting of the Palomino and wrongful arrest of Roy.

The arrival of the pony, who grows up to be Trigger and wins a race in time to save a mortgage being foreclosed on poor old Gabby, fixes everything. Dale Evans, of course, is prettily present, and sings well with—and without—Roy.

N.B.—Their romance is still minus the usual fade-out clinch, but who cares? Not the Western fans. — Capitol; showing.

★ IF I'M LUCKY

STRICTLY for swing fans is this true-to-pattern musical from Fox. It presents singers Vivan Blaine and Perry Como, trumpeter Harry James, and that effervescent individual, Carmen Miranda.

The story doesn't matter two hoots, but it deals with musicians who get tied up with crooked politicians. In the end the warbling Mr. Como becomes the winner of an election for Governor of the State (unknown).

Six songs are put over, best of them being the title number, sung by Como and Miss Blaine.—Empire; showing.

Australian trip offer to Stewart Granger

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

THE recent offer made through the Rank organisation to Stewart Granger, to make a personal appearance tour of Australia in 1947, might be accepted if Stewart can be sure of three conditions.

At Pinewood Studios, where he is finishing his role as an Irish farmer in "Captain Boycott," Stewart told me that the three "ifs" are: "If I can arrange a long enough break in making pictures; if I can do the tour in Australia's warm weather, which is, I believe, any time after October; and if, after giving a certain time during which I will appear anywhere they want me to, I can have at least a couple of weeks set aside for doing nothing but enjoy Australia and its sunshine.

"I have never been abroad further than Belgium and Holland, and I would not be human if I agreed to work throughout the whole period of my visit to Australia."

* * *

THE British star who gets the palm for the greatest personal interest in her fans is Jean Kent, who sent every one of her twelve thousand fan club members a New Year greeting card with her photo and a calendar.

* * *

LAURENCE OLIVIER cancelled his trip to America, where the film he was going to make of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has been delayed.

Instead, Larry is going to take a well-earned reward for his intense work with the famous Old Vic Company by taking a long rest in the four months that remain before he leaves with his wife, Vivien Leigh, for their tour of Australia.

THREE enterprising ex-commandos are forming for the films an academy where they will teach the technique of any sort of fighting, from the days of cavemen's rough stuff to twentieth century rough-housing.

They call themselves the "Soply School" and have already landed two contracts to advise the film world on how to fight with broadswords in the film of Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," and a modern brawl between star Derek Bond and Guy Rolfe in "Uncle Silas."

* * *

SOUNDING a dirge to the austerity which restricts a British star's enjoyment of life is the sight I saw in Chelsea, where the new young star, Richard Attenborough, was driving sedately through the traffic with a big red letter L, denoting "Learner," strapped to the front of the car, and an instructor sitting beside him.

It seems that Dickie's first car since stardom is on the way.

* * *

GREEK actress Katina Paxinou spent her time at the studio between tossing an omelet made from dried egg on the set of "Uncle Silas," in which she plays the wicked governess, and in a collapsible chair chatting with a countrywoman of hers who called down to see her.

The countrywoman was her friend, the Duchess of Kent, who is also a keen film fan.

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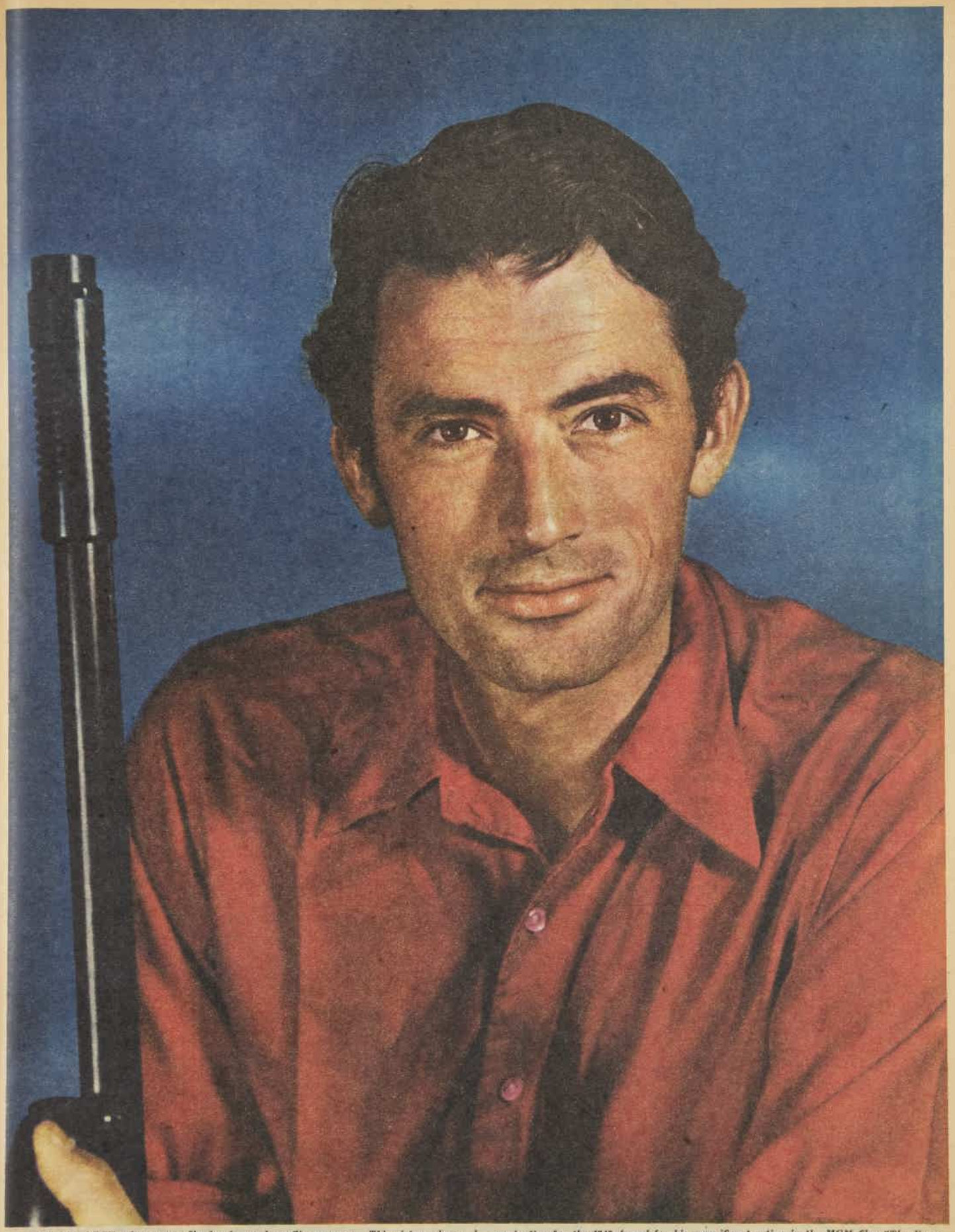

● *GREGORY PECK, whose every film has been a box-office success. This picture shows him as he will appear in the Selznick-United Artists production, "Duel in the Sun," in which he co-stars with Jennifer Jones. His work in the film is regarded as certain to put him in the list of nominations for the 1947 Academy Award, and also he is a certainty for nomination for the 1946 Award for his magnificent acting in the MGM film, "The Yearling." Handsome, humorous, intelligent, and a sensitive actor, Gregory likes jive music and heavy literature. He is a fine tennis player and swimmer, and manages his own orchard. He and his Norwegian wife Greta have two young sons, Jonathan and Stephen.*

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NEW VEET

Distributors: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 2943 NN, G.P.O., Sydney.

1 **FAMILY** departure of Latimers to Florida witnessed by trusted butler and amateur painter Charles (Dan Duryea), who is left in charge of home containing valuable pictures.

2 **NIGHTCLUB** visit is made by Charles, who decides to spend his holiday pretending he is wealthy playboy. He meets heiress Louise (Ella Raines) and they soon become friends.

3 **AT OPERA** in following week, Charles is accepted as member of Louise's party. She has told him of fear that her sister Cynthia is involved with notorious gambler Lundie (Bendix) and he offers to help her.

4 **VISIT TO GAMBLER** is made by Charles and Louise, who find that Cynthia owes gambling debt. Charles writes cheque as Louise says she can raise money later, though plan fails and Lundie threatens them both.

5 **VALUABLE PICTURES** at Latimer home are given to Lundie as security for cheque. Gambler's wish to become connoisseur saves situation, he agrees to cancel debt.

6 **HAPPY ENDING** when Charles gets chance to return to work as artist sponsored by Lundie and also wins Louise with family approval.

White Tie and Tails

FORMERLY known as one of Hollywood's best exponents of tough guy roles, Dan Duryea has his first light comedy part with Universal's romantic story of an artist who takes a job as a butler. William Bendix also changes his usual role, and appears as a rough but socially-inclined gambler who is anxious to learn how to appreciate art and buy the right kind of clothes. Ella Raines, who is developing into a good comedienne, also displays some glamorous frocks.

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One-time Sufferers Praise This Medicine.

Mr. R.T., Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "*My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me, and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back.*"

Mrs. M.L.Z., Thompson Estate, Brisbane: "*I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles, although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it.*"

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MYZONE

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Sports clothes with an American accent

● A tennis dress, very feminine and dressmaker, is done in white lightweight rayon, with a green cord drawstring at the neckline and waist. For laundering it pulls out flat, to make it easy to iron.

● Tailored and smooth is this other tennis dress with pleats from top to the hem of the short trouser-skirt. A low square cuffed neckline is free and cool and different. Make it in white pique, if you can get it.

● A white rayon playsuit with top of bodice done in two tones of rayon spotted material. A matching loose skirt to wear over it, buttoning down the front, has matching pockets in the spot.

● White cuffed sharkskin clam-diggers belted in violet, a tiny tailored violet bra, and, to wear over any of your sports clothes, a floral jersey or rayon shirt, as casual as you please. Wear it open, or buttoned up, loose or belted.

● Candy-pink jersey for a top with a roll around the neck and short magyar sleeves studded with tiny gold buttons (above left). A wide leather belt fastening with three small buckles and heavy green-and-white-striped rayon for the cuffed shorts.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care—Both Scalp and Hair

SHAPE OF THE GLASS TO COME. These pictures show new designs on display at the recent "Britain Can Make It" exhibition held in London—and the first to be made in England since 1939. Note the exquisite scrolls engraved on the decanter and wineglass; jug and tumbler of rather attractive design are in clear flint glass.

PICK YOURSELF UP!

● It is no coincidence that the most attractive woman is very often the brightest one. Because beauty and brightness go hand-in-hand, linked by an ability to assess and improve on nature.

SPINE straight, tail tucked under, and tummy muscles firmed is the drill for figure-conscious tub-scrubbers.

I KNOW one smart girl who keeps a personal self-improvement scrapbook which she calls her picker-upper. She says she often sees in advertisements and articles ideas for hair-dos, and tips on skin care and make-up that she plans to try, and never would remember but for her little book which can be saved and studied at leisure.

She's improving on the original idea now by cutting out old photographs, pasting them flat, and sketching newest hair styles—even those she is sure she won't like—round the cut-outs. There is often unexpected charm in all-too-familiar features.

Anyway, with year-end holidays over, the rushing and rejoicing abated, more than likely you will have more time to devote to yourself; why not turn it to good looks profit?

From what I hear round and about, skin and silhouette seem to be causing major feminine concern, so here are some simple pick-ups for both . . . take your choice:

Face Pick-ups: Face treatments are not sybarite-stuff. At least three or four professional facials a year are necessary for almost all women over 30, and many who are years younger. Listen, watch, and learn from the expert so that you will know what to do and how to do it at home, using either prepared packs or mixing them on the spot.

Cucumber Pack, which bleaches and whitens, is a simple one to make. Take the juice of one cucumber, add a few drops of witch hazel and enough magnesia powder to make a thin paste.

Starting with a perfectly clean, dry skin, apply a generous layer of the paste, allow it to dry and remain on for 10-15 minutes. Remove with tepid towels, followed with cold splashing. The effect is to clear and whiten the skin and leave it refreshed.

Yeast Pack: Purchase some fresh yeast on the day of use. Add equal quantities of milk and water, and mix into a paste. It should be of a consistency that will spread easily, but will not run. This is a mild bleach, and should be left on for 10-15 minutes.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

Egg Astringent Mask: To soothe, cleanse, and stimulate average skin.

Mix almond meal or oatmeal powder to a paste with a few drops of muscle oil and the yolk of an egg. If the skin is very dry, add some egg-white and more muscle oil. Judge proportions according to the skin condition. Cover the face with a layer of gauze and apply the mask over that.

Then cover the mask with a thin layer of cotton-wool soaked in ice-cold astringent. Leave on for about 20 minutes, remove with tepid towels, and then lightly massage with face cream.

Prosaic Postscript: If you are having your facial for a special reason . . . for extra confidence or added glamor, have it the day before the "special occasion." Most complexions, particularly fine, sensitive ones, look their ultimate the day after a facial. So plan accordingly.

Figure Pick-Ups: Watch your waistline. Here are some exercises:

Divide a pack of cards in two. Place the sections on the floor about a yard apart. Stand, without shoes, about six inches back from the centre of an imaginary line drawn between the two packs. Stretch the hands high above the head.

Now turn slowly, so that you can swing down and pick up one of the cards in the left pack with your right hand. Knees as unbending as possible. Come up to position. Start over again, reversing the process and turning to the other side.

You won't pick up the whole lot the first time, but you may get to it. You may even be able to stand nearer the cards and get more twist. It's the swivelling that counts.

This one also is good to do while carrying out household chores: A long reach makes for a lean waist. Stand well off and reach for things, feeling that stretch along the waist and side muscles as you do it.

Again keep the spine as straight as possible and pull the stomach in.

ON YOUR knees, girls! Be sure you are doing this correctly and feel the stretch from waist to shoulder.

Relieve the Misery of Haemorrhoids

There is no need to suffer the tormenting irritation of itching piles when you can get quick relief by beginning at once to use DOAN'S OINTMENT. It quiets the itching and protects and lubricates the tender tissues with its soothing antiseptic ingredients. Don't continue to let the itching and misery of piles torment and worry you, get DOAN'S OINTMENT today and see what long lasting happy relief it gives—used successfully for over 40 years.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

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End your
GREY HAIR WORRIES
And take years off your APPEARANCE

I have a wonderful home treatment for restoring the natural color to **grey, faded,** or **streaked** hair. Can be used by man or woman, is so gradual in effect that your closest friends won't suspect. Harmless and does not stain the scalp or linen. Easy to apply and inexpensive.

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THE PERFECT WHITE SHOE CLEANER

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BONNY CHAPPIE, isn't he? Here, little 7-months-old David Collin is photographed in the arms of his charming mother, Mrs. Collin Begg, Reed Street, Cremorne, N.S.W. He's a clinic baby, of course.

Routine for baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

IF you are wise you will learn all that you can of the early care of baby—how to manage its feeding, how to bath it, tuck it into its bassinet—before it is born.

If you cannot get into a good after-care home when leaving hospital, and if you cannot get help in your home, you should get the co-operation of your husband and friends to ensure that you will have the time to establish a daily routine for both yourself and your babe.

Unless from the beginning you establish a definite rhythm in your daily life, you will not find time for the important rest periods.

The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Service Bureau, on the 5th floor of Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, includes in its free service post-natal as well as pre-natal advice. Call for personal advice or send stamped, addressed envelope for leaflets.

OUR pretty model tells us how she cleans her tannin-stained china cups quickly. "Wet them with vinegar," she says, "then rub off with a damp cloth dipped in salt." Simple!

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

SO your suede shoes are dull and shabby-looking? Well, try restoring them by rubbing lightly with fine emery paper.

★ ★ ★

GREASE marks can be removed from silks by rubbing on wrong side with french chalk. Brush off after a few hours.

★ ★ ★

HANDY trick for toning down sharp edges of new combs—rub teeth gently on marble, and soon they will be quite smooth.

★ ★ ★

IT'S best to play safe by ironing lace ruffles from the inside out. Iron lace bands from the outside in.

Grow your own herbs

WHEN vegetables are scarce and expensive, the careful use of home-grown culinary herbs will assure the vitamin content of your foods—flavor them at the same time.

Most herbs grow best in poor soil with good drainage, in full sunlight in a protected spot. Under the hot, devastating sun of our climate herbs generate their essential oils, and in some manner these form a protective blanket around the plants to prevent their drying out.

Upon the oils of the plants depend the flavor and fragrance which we enjoy in our household preparations, herbal teas, and culinary dishes.

When given too much water, fertiliser, and shade, most herbs will develop a luxuriant, lush foliage, but little oil and flavor. Herbs, more than any other plants, ask to be left alone in poor, well-drained soil and in full sunlight.

Parsley and mint may be regarded as exceptions, they both like some shade and suffer intensely from dry conditions.

Most culinary herbs, and the list is a long one, running into well over 100, can be grown from seed. The use of seedboxes is recommended for most species, as the seed is small, and some varieties take a fairly long time to germinate.

Label the seedboxes clearly and cover them with a sheet of glass until the seeds germinate. Then harden them off by gradual exposure to the open air. It is essential to keep the seeds moist.

As soon as plants are big enough to handle, prick them out into boxes containing slightly better soil than that in which the seeds were sown. Once they have developed good root systems and are fairly strong and sturdy, transplant them to permanent positions.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

PARSLEY IS AN ORNAMENTAL as well as a useful culinary herb. It has an extremely high food and vitamin content . . . Grow your own!

Worn out men

WHO SNAP AT THEIR WIVES

Extra minerals in BIDOMAK build new, rich, red blood cells—new vigour, active nerve force and buoyant health. Prove it through this 14 days, no-risk test.

It's not his fault—when your husband is irritable, snaps at you, moons around the place with no zest, no energy. Actually, he's half-sick, only he doesn't know it. Here is the likely cause of his trouble—and you can help him, through BIDOMAK, to be again the grand man you married.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS.
Such disorders are often caused by the unpoverished blood stream starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone, and tissue in your body.

MINERAL STARVATION MAY CAUSE MANY DISORDERS.
A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles," weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fag, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.
When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper, and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT.
If you are suffering from mineral deficiency BIDOMAK thus makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You lose that "tight" feeling at the back of the neck. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally, and you wake refreshed, instead of "screwed-up" mentally, and tired physically. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries recharged with new rich, red blood cells.

NO RISK TEST.
Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle (within 14 days of purchase) to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.

STEELWORKER RESTORED TO HEALTH.
Glebe.
"I am a steelworker and at present working very long hours. I lost over two stone in six months and my nerves were in a terrible state, but I tried taking Bidomak, and I must say that after taking only two bottles I am a new man, and I have managed to put myself in the best of condition."
Sgd.: Frederick Ruff.

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY.

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.

Work is a pleasure after

RHEUMATISM

IS RELIEVED

It's grand to get to work again untroubled by rheumaticky pains and twinges. Putting yourself on a course of De Witt's Pills is such a *simple* treatment — they have helped so many rheumatic folk.

If you're "going through it," wondering where to turn for relief, remember **De Witt's Pills really do help** when faulty, sluggish kidney action is causing rheumatics. Poisons and impurities which should be trapped and expelled by the kidneys, stay in the system and are often a cause of those aches and pains. That is why De Witt's Pills can do so much good —they are specially prepared to act on the kidneys—they tone them up. Clogged-up poisons are gently cleared away and the kidneys are stimulated to full activity.

De Witt's Pills have been known and trusted for a long time . . . . and all around you there are people who refuse to be without them. Right in your neighbourhood you will probably find someone delighted to tell you how good De Witt's Pills really are. Ask your neighbours, then—get a bottle from your chemist to-day. Even work is a pleasure when aches and pains have gone.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.

Remove
FRECKLES

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY BY NEW HOME METHOD

Wouldn't you love to have a complexion soft, rosy clear, and velvety, the envy of your friends? I have a secret for all girls and women that gave me such a skin and will do the same for you. It is something different that does not consist of Creams, Lotions, Soaps, Masks, etc. There is no diet, no fasting, nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.
FREE: Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, enclosing stamp for postage on complete details.

ALMA B. CHALMERS,
Somerset House, Martin Place, Sydney

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S

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Luncheon partners

TWO TEMPTING luncheon menus . . . cassolettes of creamed corned beef and tongue, paired with fruited ice-cream cake . . . the other menu illustrated teams savory baked eggs with passionfruit cornflake patties. Chilled Russian tea makes a refreshing beverage with either menu.

● Here are some tempting and delicious luncheons for mid-week guests . . . Prepare carefully, serve attractively, eat and enjoy.

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

IT'S good to have guests for mid-week luncheon now and again—it jolts you out of the habit of having a "catch as catch can" lunch on your own.

The house is quiet—everyone away at work or school—and you are free to let your imagination run riot and concoct appetising little dishes for your guests' enjoyment.

Here are three menus for you to choose from. You may like to change them around and use part of one and part of another—any one of the savories will make a fine luncheon partner for any one of the sweets—so juggle them to suit yourself.

MENU 1

Cassolettes of creamed corned beef and tongue.
Tomato slices, shredded cabbage.
Fruited ice-cream cake.
Iced coffee.

CREAMED CORNED BEEF AND TONGUE CASSOLETTES

Two cups diced cold corned beef and tongue, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 3 rounded dessertspoons flour, pinch dry mustard, salt and pepper, 2 cups milk, ½ cup diced cooked celery, squeeze of lemon juice, pastry-cases (previously cooked and reheated before serving), paprika or chopped parsley.

Melt margarine, add flour, mustard, salt and pepper, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in celery, meat, and lemon juice. Fill into preheated pastry-cases, dust with paprika.

Creamed meat may be served in hot dish, spooning into pastry-cases at the table. For four or five.

FRUITED ICE-CREAM CAKE

Cake: Two eggs, 3oz. castor sugar, 3oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 dessertspoons hot milk.

Ice-Cream: One cup milk, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 2 tablespoons powdered milk, level teaspoon gelatine softened in 1 tablespoon hot water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon lemon rind.

Fruit: One cup cold stewed fruit pulp, drained free from syrup.

Cake: Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, beat until sugar dissolves. Fold in beaten egg-yolks, continue beating 2 or 3 minutes. Fold in sifted flour, and lastly butter melted in hot milk. Turn into greased 5in. or 6in. sandwich-tins (square or round). Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Turn carefully from tins, allow to become cold.

Meanwhile warm milk and condensed milk, beat in powdered milk and softened gelatine. Pour into refrigerator trays—freeze until beginning to set. Beat again for 5 minutes, adding vanilla and lemon rind. Freeze until set.

To Assemble Sweet for Serving: Spread one layer of cold cake thickly with ice-cream, top with fruit pulp. Cover with second half of cake. Spread top with ice-cream, spoon fruit pulp into centre. Serve immediately. For four or six.

MENU 2

Golden summer salad.
Tartare sauce.
Crisp bread rolls.
Orange souffle.
Lemon squash.

GOLDEN SUMMER SALAD

One and a half cups cooked flaked fish, crabmeat, or shelled prawns, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled red pepper, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup hot water, 1½ cups cold water, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup diced cooked celery, ½ cup grated raw carrot.

Soften gelatine in hot water, add cold water, salt, lemon juice. When cool and commencing to thicken fold in all other ingredients. Turn into wetted moulds, individual size, chill until firm. Unmould on to crisp lettuce leaves, garnish with tomato slices. Serve tartare sauce (mayonnaise flavored with chopped gherkin) in a separate bowl. For four or five.

ORANGE SOUFFLE

Three egg-whites, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, almonds or walnuts to garnish.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Add sugar gradually and beat until mixture holds its shape. Fold in marmalade, lemon rind. Turn into greased top of double saucepan or greased basin over saucepan of boiling water. Cover and cook (without lifting cover or stirring) for 1 hour. Slip out on to warmed serving platter, garnish with nuts. Make custard with the 3 egg-yolks and serve separately. For four or five.

MENU 3

Savory baked eggs.
Toast fingers.
Green salad.
Passionfruit cornflake patties.
Russian tea.

SAVORY BAKED EGGS

Six tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely minced shallot, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, pinch herbs, ½ cup tomato puree, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 eggs.

Combine breadcrumbs, shallot, salt, cayenne, and herbs. Add tomato puree and sauce. Mix well, spoon into greased cocottes or ramekin dishes, filling to about ½in. from top. Break one egg into each cocotte. Stand cocottes or ramekins in a tin of warm water, cover with a piece of greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes until eggs are firm and set. Serve hot with toast fingers. For four.

PASSIONFRUIT CORNFLAKE PATTIES

Cornflake Cases: One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons margarine, 4 cups cornflakes, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind.

Passionfruit Filling: Three eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons passionfruit pulp, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1½ teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup water.

Cornflake Cases: Place sugar in large pan, stir slowly over low heat with melted margarine until sugar dissolves. Add lemon rind and cornflakes (thoroughly crushed with rolling-pin). Mould into well-greased patty-tins, set aside to become cold and set.

Passionfruit Filling: Soak gelatine in water; cook egg-yolks, lemon rind and juice, passionfruit, and half the sugar over boiling water until slightly thickened. Add gelatine. Stir occasionally while cooling. When cold add egg-whites stiffly beaten with balance of sugar. Fill into cornflake cases, chill until set.

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Here is a cream which DOES PREVENT sun and wind burn. It's a definite protection! The fairest skins, which once burnt red and peeled, are now safe. Non-greasy, invisible. One application protects you for a whole morning in the hottest sun.

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ROCO 5% D.D.T.

ROCO containing 5% DDT quickly kills mosquitoes, flies and all insect pests. Roco—sprayed directly on to doors, walls, ceilings, etc., keeps on killing for weeks.

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The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

REFRESHINGLY cool for hot summer days—apple-and-celery salad baskets (pictured above). Simply scoop centres of apples, mix with diced celery, pepper and salt, bind with mayonnaise, fill into apple shells. Celery handles complete this picture.

QUICK AND EASY all-occasion sweet. Rings of chocolate custard, sandwiched with pineapple and served on a ring of crisp pastry, are decorated with whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Prizewinning recipes . . .

SPICED WITH VARIETY

FIRST prize in this week's recipe contest goes to a Victorian reader for a savory bacon and potato dish . . . ideal for either luncheon or dinner.

Try the recipe for savory snacks for your next bridge or supper party. Richly flavored with cream cheese, marmite, and mustard, the filling may be varied by the addition of shredded pineapple and chopped nuts or diced apple and celery.

The chilled jellied tart is another variation of the ever-popular custard tart, and is guaranteed to share first place with your favorite sweet recipe.

Don't forget to send your favorite recipes to this popular weekly contest. You, too, may be a lucky winner.

SAVORY BACON AND POTATOES

Six potatoes, 2 medium-sized onions, bacon rashers, salt and pepper, 1 egg, 1 to 1½ cups milk, chopped parsley.

Remove rind from bacon, cut in 2in. or 3in. lengths. Arrange thin slices of peeled raw potato on bottom of greased ovenware dish, then a layer of thinly sliced onion and pieces of bacon. Continue in this way till dish is full, sprinkling pepper and salt between layers. Beat egg, add milk. Pour over bacon, potatoes, and onions, completely covering. Bake in moderate oven, 350deg. F., from 30 to 40 minutes. Test as for a custard. If bacon is very salty, salt may be omitted. Sprinkle with parsley before serving. May be served as a luncheon dish or with green vegetables for dinner.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Madge Jackson, 70 Queen St., Altona W18, Vic.

SAVORY SNACKS

Eight ounces flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, pinch cayenne, 4oz. shortening, 2 egg-yolks, water, squeeze lemon juice.

Filling: One dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon cream cheese, salt and pepper to taste, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift dry ingredients. Rub in shortening. Beat egg-yolks and add to mixture with lemon juice and sufficient water to make into fairly stiff dough. Roll out thinly on floured board. Cut into shapes. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven, 375deg. F., from 10 to 12 minutes. When cold, sandwich with savory filling.

Filling: Mix all ingredients together and use to spread on biscuits.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mary Wilson, 183 Napier Terrace, Westbourne Park, Adelaide.

CHILLED JELLIED TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 packet green jelly crystals, raspberry jam, 1 egg-white, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, vanilla.

Line an 8in. tart plate with pastry. Beat egg-white slightly and glaze bottom of tart. Place a little raspberry jam on pastry and spread thinly over. Beat egg and sugar together. Add milk. Pour custard carefully into pie shell. Place in hot oven, 400deg. F., for first 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 325deg. F., and continue cooking till custard is set. Allow to become quite cold. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water. Allow to cool. When tart and jelly are quite cold pour jelly on to custard. Chill thoroughly until jelly is firm and set. Decorate with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. B. Flynn, 59 South Rd., Edwardstown, S.A.

HONEYED BANANAS

Half-cup seeded raisins, ½ cup pineapple juice, 3 tablespoons honey, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 4 bananas, 1 heaped teaspoon cornflour or arrowroot, 1 tablespoon water, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, lemon juice.

Simmer raisins with pineapple juice, honey, and salt. Blend cornflour or arrowroot with water. Add to raisins and boil for 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Add butter and lemon rind. Allow to cool. Pour over bananas sliced lengthwise and drenched with lemon juice. Sprinkle with coconut and chill thoroughly before serving with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. Hutterer, c/o High School, Mort St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

STUFFED BREAST OF LAMB

One large or two small unsalted breasts of lamb, 2 onions, 1 tomato, 1 teaspoon butter, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 2 or 3 cups fine white breadcrumbs.

Peel and dice onion, barely cover with water, simmer 15 minutes. Drain. Add chopped tomato, butter, herbs, parsley, salt and pepper, breadcrumbs. Spread on breast of lamb, roll up, tie securely. Place in baking dish with about 1in. melted fat. Bake in very moderate oven (325deg. F.) 1½ to 2½ hours, according to size. Serve in slices. May also be served cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. C. Smith, 30 Westbourne Rd., Lindfield, N.S.W.

TRUE-TO-LIFE story of Mrs. Laws, Camperdown, N.S.W.

. . . "suffered from constipation"

1. "Just a note of thanks for what Kellogg's All-Bran has meant for me."

3. "After hearing your session over the air I began eating Kellogg's All-Bran. I eat it every morning at breakfast time."

2. "For a long period I suffered from constipation and had taken many kinds of laxatives without lasting relief."

4. "And it has proved to be all that you say it is — a naturally regulating food. I don't need harsh laxatives now." (Signed) Mrs. Laws.

Be Regular Again . . . *without harsh laxatives!*

Harsh laxatives never completely cure constipation. The more you take the more you need . . . And delicate intestinal muscles were never meant to be "pushed" into premature action. Harsh laxatives leave you feeling tired and weak . . . You look OLD before your time.

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies your system with natural "bulk". Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action. Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran with milk, served daily will relieve constipation. Remember, Kellogg's All-Bran is not a purgative, but a deliciously flavoured cereal food. At all grocers.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is not a purgative. It's a naturally regulative food!

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Lady Ruth

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